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3. For Senti-
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4. Don't Get Around Much Any More
5. Do I Worry
6. Paper Doll
7. Maybe
8. We Three
9. Someone's Rocking My Dreamboat
10. Tales of The Town
11. Until The Real Thing Comes Along
12. Whispering Grass
13. I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire
14. It's A Sin To Tell A Lie
15. Rock N' Roll Rag
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18. Java Jive

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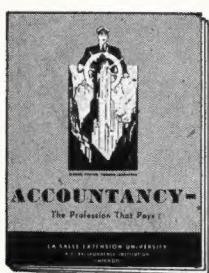
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BOLD TRUE ACTION FOR MEN



Allied brass called the muddy gorge splitting Africa's jagged Tabessa Mountains "the gateway to Tunis." But to the dejected, defeat-shocked American Second Army Corps, it was Kasserine Pass—the gateway to Hell. It was something else, too: their first chance to disprove the jeering taunts of their British comrades-in-arms—"How Green Was My Ally" was the insulting song that battle-toughened Tommies chanted to Kasserine-bound American troops.

That the Second Corps Yank GI's cleared their mud-died name with battle glory is now a matter of military record. Just how they did it at Kasserine Pass—and at what terrible cost—is detailed on Page 28.



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Savage Jungle Lesson: THE LAST BULLET!	12
Ambush of the Naked Warriors: SEX TRAP ON SAN ITO	14
The Ship That Wouldn't Die: 16 AGAINST THE SEA	16
Horror Out of the Past: SNAKEPIT	20
June's Photo-Sensation: SULTRY SARA AMAN	22
They Called it the "Rape of San Francisco" THE DRINK THAT SHOOK THE WORLD	26
Bloody Desert Combat: FIRST BLOOD AT KASSERINE	28
Medical Exclusive: THE SYMPTOMS OF A SEX FIEND?	32
Time is His Deadly Enemy: I BOSS THE HIGHWAY TO HELL	34
Death Strikes a Dozen Ways: A SCREAM BEFORE DYING	36
Gunman's Last-Ditch Stand: "YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!"	40

Departments

MEDICAL MARCH	6
GADGETS FOR MEN	8
READY FOR ACTION	10

A STERLING MAGAZINE

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The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

Marco Polo Betsy Ross Genghis Khan Frank Buck

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THIS SPOT!
WE'RE NEAR
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ON TO THE
POLE!

POL

-T + CCK = POLO

HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below (at right) Mail It NOW!

PUZZLE NO. ONE

The Correct Answer Is ONE Of These Names of Fame!

Billy Sunday Robert Fulton Cotton Mather Ira Remsen

LOOK AT THE BILL ON THAT DUCK!

WHAT A DAY FOR BIRD WATCHING!

PR + ABBREVIATION FOR NORTH DAKOTA

+ TR =

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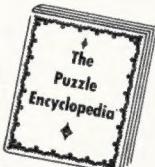
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MEDICAL MARCH

Scientists believe they've finally figured out your chances of getting **LUNG CANCER**. If you're 25 years old and smoke between 25-50 cigarettes a day, you have one chance in ten of dying of the disease before you're 75. Your risk is less if you give up the habit by middle age or smoke only a pipe . . . And supplying the help, a Chicago biochemist has come up with an easy, quick and painless way for you to quit smoking completely. He says that three pills a day for a week or more will do the trick. These pills contain lobeline sulfate, a chemical derived from a plant similar to tobacco. The lobeline alkaloid replaces the nicotine alkaloid in the body's working chemistry. Tried on 500 smoking addicts, the pills stopped the habit in 4 out of 5 cases. Tests are still going on so they're not yet available to the public . . . Men with various types of **SKIN DISEASES** found that their conditions were greatly improved or healed after using a new antiseptic "soapless soap" called Lanolin-Foam. The skin ailments included acne as well as contact dermatitis, eczema and other eruptions in which soap and water are usually avoided. Ninety per cent of those who used the foamy "soapless soap" in a cellulose sponge reported good results . . . When football players, boxers and other **ATHLETES** suddenly discover their urine has turned the color of strong tea, there's probably no great cause for alarm. A Philadelphia doctor says that such changes—a urine sediment similar to that of acute nephritis patients—are not uncommon after rugged exertion. After a few days of less strenuous activity, the condition usually clears up by itself . . . The day may soon be here when it will be possible to **TRANSPLANT A HUMAN HEART** to replace a damaged one. This hope is based on the current successes in replacing worn or damaged arteries or other blood vessels with plastic substitutes or vessels from dead humans or animals . . . Most of the painful **HEADACHES** you've been getting can be relieved by the inhalation of procaine-pontocaine in steam for twenty minutes every other day . . . Suffering from **CHRONIC CONSTIPATION**? A southern medico has had excellent results giving his patients a combination of prunewhip and yogurt . . . A New York psychoanalyst points out that because a man stays a **BACHELOR** all his life, it doesn't necessarily mean that there's something wrong with the guy. The tests show that many bachelors are just as well adjusted emotionally as married men . . . Trying to cut down **DENTAL DECAY** among GIs, the Army is fluoridating the drinking water on posts in the U.S., Hawaii and in Puerto Rico . . . If your **HEARING** seems to be playing tricks on you, it may not be a sign you're going deaf. Most ear specialists will tell you your condition is possibly caused by impacted wax, infection, drugs or ordinary colds. A quick check with your doc should set things right . . . And for that **RING-**

ING IN THE EARS sensation, science has found that injection into the vein of 5,000 units of heparin—a liver substance—has proven successful in getting rid of those annoying bells . . . For badly damaged **FINGER JOINTS**, the Air Force medical men have come up with a special stainless-steel hinge that works easily and painlessly . . . Here's great news for guys suffering from **BLOTHY, UNSIGHTLY SKIN**. A Chicago skin specialist has found that ascorbic acid, plentiful in a daily glass of orange juice, can help correct the iron deficiency that science believes is one of the prime causes of acne and other minor skin ailments . . . Two New York doctors report that a new bioflavonoid compound, derived from the pulp and rind of citrus fruits, is a successful treatment for **INTERNAL BLEEDING**. This citrus compound produced either good or satisfactory results in 46 of 55 cases, ranging from bleeding duodenal and gastric ulcers to bleeding ulcerative colitis . . . A Tufts University dental professor says he's found that **FEMALE SEX HORMONES** may do the trick in putting a halt to tooth loss. Right now, the tests are being carried out on animals and reports say the experiments have been most successful . . . Valmid, a new sedative chemically unrelated to the barbiturates, has been found of value in the treatment of **INSOMNIA**. Doctors say it produces a restful sleep in persons with mild or moderate anxiety and is especially valuable to working persons who awaken early and can't get back to sleep . . . Most people have suspected it, but now doctors have proven that excessive use of **ALCOHOL** over a long period of time can cause permanent and severe damage to the brain. In some cases shrinking of the brain has been found . . . **HAY FEVER** sufferers may soon become snuff sniffers—hydrocortisone snuff. The pulverized powder is sniffed into the linings of the nose and coats the nasal interiors. Most sufferers showed great improvement within 48 hours after being tested . . . Thanks to antibiotics and sulfa drugs, crippling from the **BONE DISEASE** called **osteomyelitis** is becoming rare. A leading crippling disease once requiring surgery, osteomyelitis is a bone inflammation caused by certain bacteria. Recovery is much quicker these days with only medical treatment . . . For men sensitive to penicillin or who have picked up a case of penicillin-resistant **SYPHILIS**, doctors have come up with new mold remedies. Of the four tried out, tetracycline has produced the fewest toxic reactions. The new antibiotics have proved successful in all five venereal diseases—syphilis, gonorrhea, chancroid, granuloma inguinale and lymphogranuloma venereum. But because of the high cost of these new drugs, penicillin remains the "drug of choice." . . . A Chicago doctor warns, don't pass off those **SKIN ERUPTIONS** as mere rashes, bumps or localized skin trouble. Often they may indicate internal diseases such as anemia, diabetes and even various types of cancer . . .





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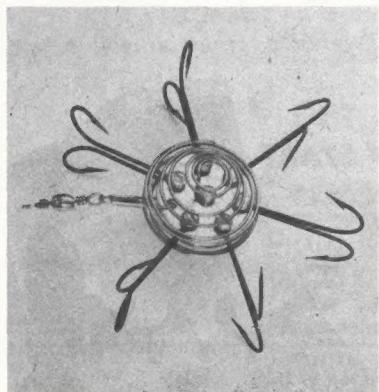
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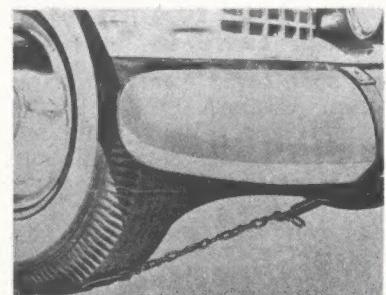
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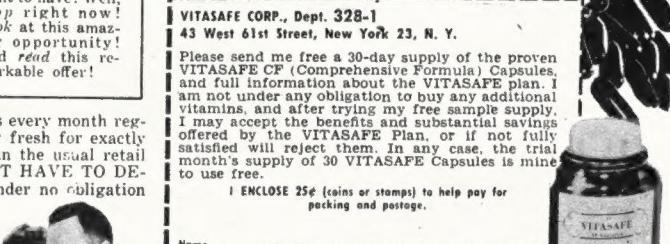
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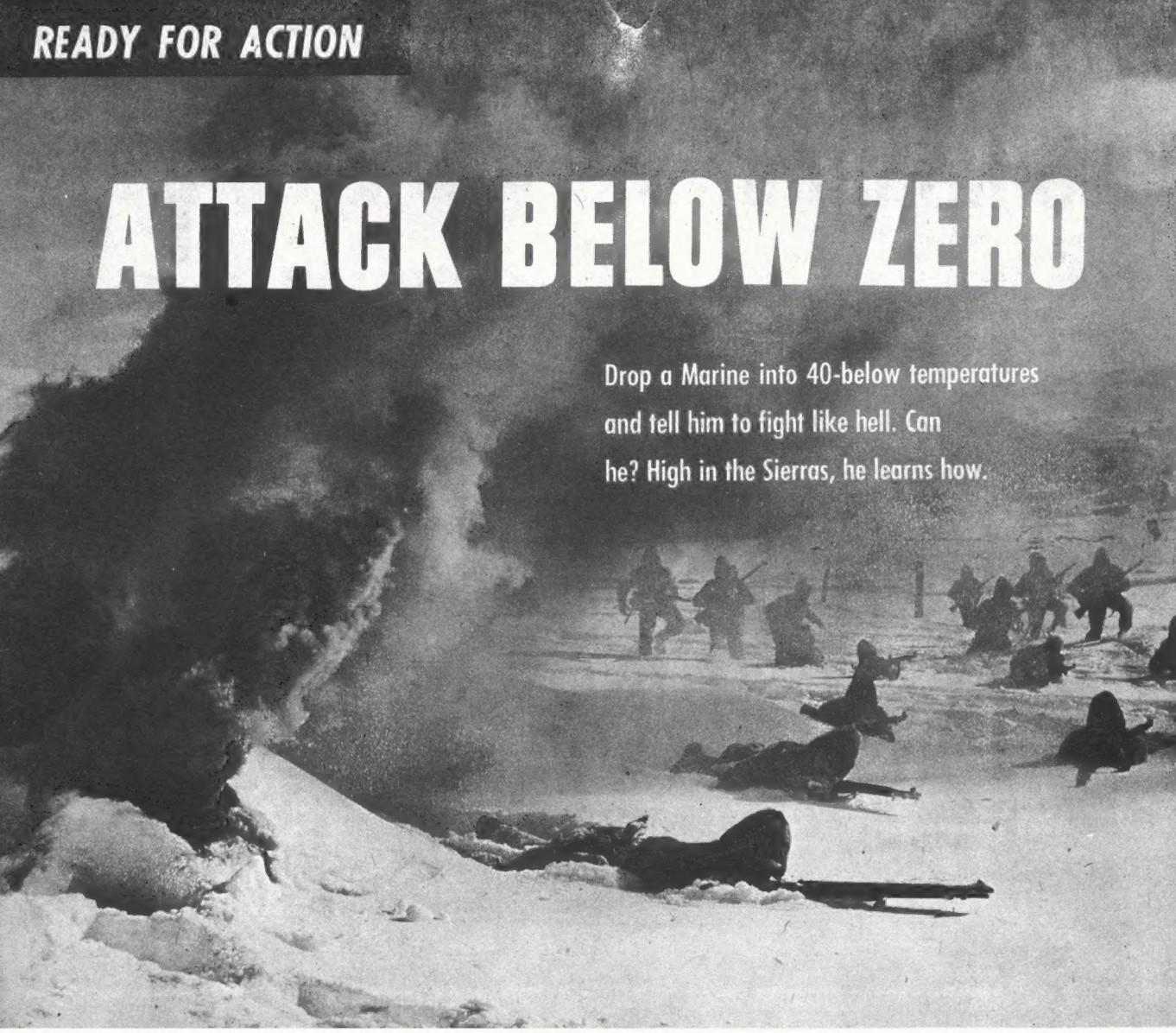


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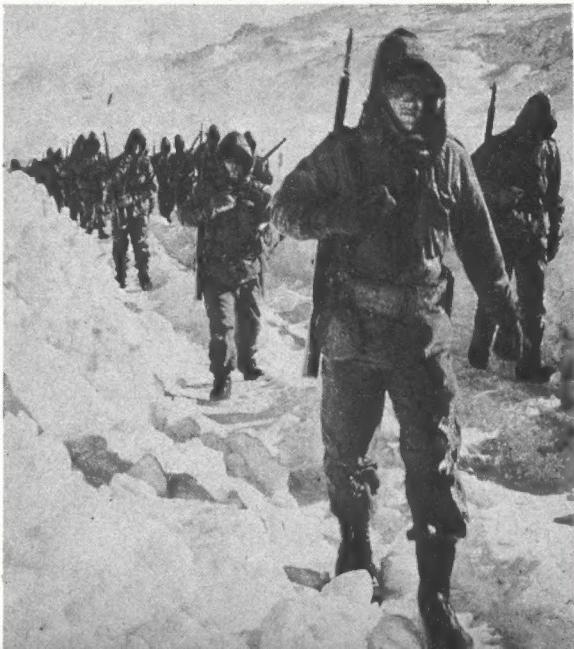


■ THE marine who fought his way through a Korean winter remembers only too well the bitter cold that cost his Corps almost as many casualties as the bloody fighting did.

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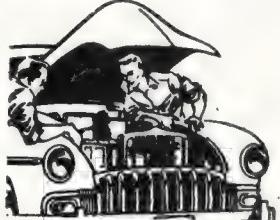
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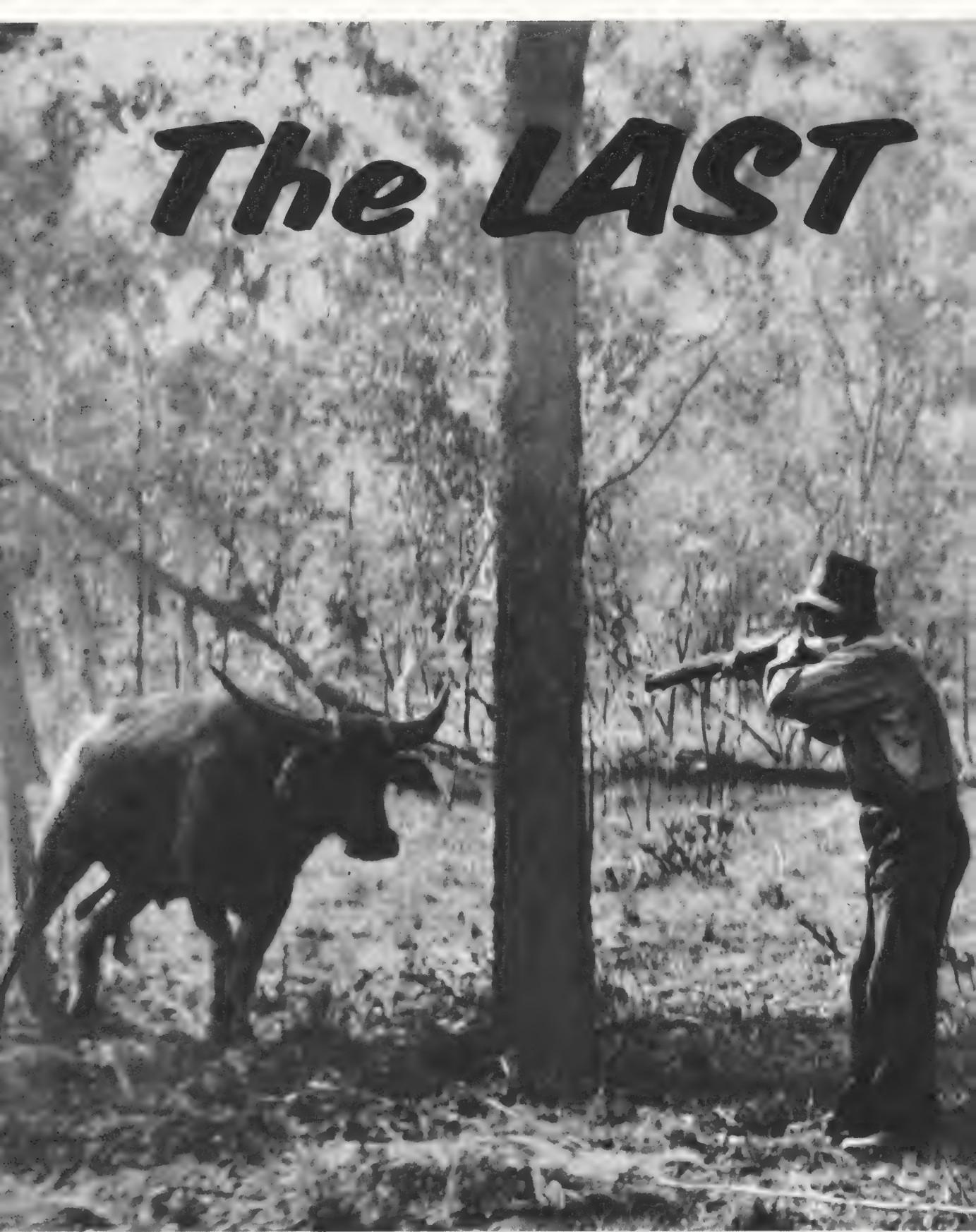
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The LAST



With kill-lust glowering in his eyes, the wounded buff thundered toward me like a runaway juggernaut. I held my fire until the last split-second hoping I would stop him with a well-placed brain-shot.

BULLET!

There was just one way to prove that Stanberry was wrong about guns, about hunting—about the jungle. Only trouble was that if my plan back-fired, he'd be too damn dead to make use of the lesson!

by T. RICHARD YOUNG

■ WHEN Fred Stanberry first came to Indo-China, he was a self-appointed authority on the merits of the high-velocity, smaller-caliber rifle, for all big game under all conditions. And nothing could shake his confidence that he could clobber anything that walked the earth with his high-powered .270 magazine piece. Nothing, that is, until Southeast Asia's most awesome animal came boiling out of the jungle like something from the corrals of Hell...

Stanberry had contacted me in Saigon through mutual friends and I had agreed to take him into some of my favorite hunting country deep in the jungled foothills of northwestern Cochin-China. Elephant, bison and sambar (Asian deer) were on his licensed list of trophies. I tried to talk him into exchanging the .270 for the special insurance of a big-caliber double for the large stuff. It was wasted effort.

But Stanberry's obsession for the little magazine rifle gave me the cold shivers when I thought of the dense vegetation that blanketed most of the area we would be hunting.

Sure, Stanberry had bagged an Indian tiger from a *machan* and a water buff in the open forest country. *But what happens when he's in thick cover and misses a vital spot with that first shot and finds himself with a wounded animal charging him from 10 yards away?*

"Maybe you have to work a bit faster in dense jungle," the big American sportsman said as we sat talking on the verandah of a Saigon club. His bulldog face twisted into a patronizing, one-sided grin as he added, "But in whatever kind of

(Please turn to page 49)



The bullet just shattered against the buff's horns, and his charge carried him right between us.

The Moi tried to run, but it was too late. After it was all over, we left his body inside the hut.







SEX TRAP ON SAN ITO

We had our orders—clobber the radio station and get back. It sounded easy, and everything was going like clockwork. Then we spotted those naked geishas—and all kinds of Hell broke loose.

■ FROM a purely military standpoint San Ito—a few twisted palms, a jade lagoon and an isolated Jap radio station—wasn't worth an invasion. Dai Nippon apparently thought as much, because even after they occupied the Sunda Islands, San Ito remained basically unfortified.

But from the human standpoint, this two mile jagged lump of coral west of Baewan, in the Arends Islands, Java Seas, was, for a small segment of the Australian Navy, a paradise discovered. That is, discovered at long range by seamen who hadn't seen a woman in many months. There were several on San Ito, and they were *not*—even through binoculars—unattractive.

Unfortunately, circumstances conspired to keep the corvette, *H.M.A.S. Doane*, in the Indian Ocean until mid 1943. It was then, instead of returning to Perth for an overhaul, that she was ordered to the Java Seas along with several other expendables, to harry the enemy whenever and wherever possible. This meant, to hit and run *but under no circumstances invade*.

Taking into consideration the dozen nude bathing girls and their availability, the last part of our orders drove brave men to distraction, to say the very (Please turn to page 57)

by A. J. MacDOWELL



The men desperately worked the lifeboat winches in a race against time. They expected the boilers to blow any minute.



Sixteen Against the Sea



By all the odds we know, the men of the San Demetrio should have joined their comrades in a screaming death. But Fate makes its own rules—especially where men of courage are concerned . . .

■ THE lifeboat lay in the water as dawn broke with a cold light rain that dotted the sea and brought even more discomfort to the men. They were bent over their oars, their bodies cramped with fatigue.

"If they had waited for dawn," Hawkins, the 2nd Officer, said, "they could have got the whole convoy. His eyes were bloodshot. Fatigue had knotted his hand like a claw around the tiller. His was the job of keeping the lifeboat facing into the rough seas and preventing her from being swamped. "They could have picked off one ship after the other with those big guns of hers."

"Bloody Jerry bastards," said Fletcher, the Bo'sun.

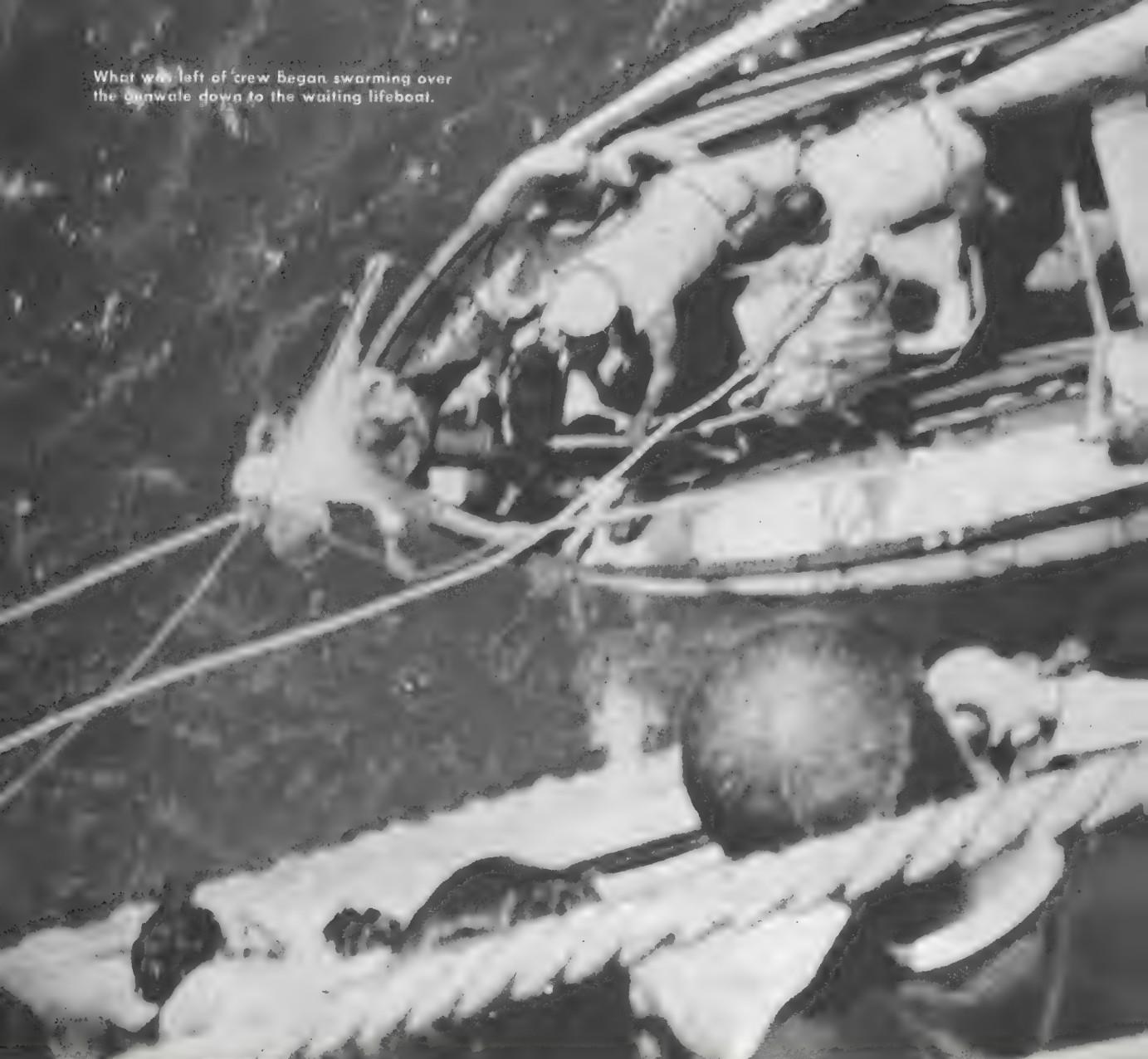
Quiet settled on the boat and each of the men receded within himself, trying to mentally calculate his chances of ever seeing land again.

Towards the stern, a young, red-haired Welsh boy felt his stomach churning. Young

MORE

by JAMES FINNEGAN

What was left of crew began swarming over the gunwale down to the waiting lifeboat.



SIXTEEN AGAINST THE SEA

Jones, the apprentice, could feel the boat pushing up under the seat of his pants and then falling away. The kid leaned forward, choking back the vomit that was fighting to climb up and out of his throat.

"You all right, Boyle?" he asked the man on the oar ahead of him.

The pint-sized greaser nodded his head, and that was all the boy could see. He was reassured. But he wouldn't have been, if he had seen Boyle's face twisted in pain. In the rush from their stricken tanker, Boyle had slipped from a rope and dropped twenty feet into the lifeboat.

Now he was retching and vomiting blood. He had closed his mind to the pain of the ripped-up guts inside of his body, pushing himself to haul on the oars.

Boyle's body convulsed again. He couldn't control it. A spray of yellow-green vomit, tinged red with blood, gushed out of his throat, was caught by the wind, and carried back to settle like a film on young Jones' face, filling his nostrils, his mouth, clogging his eyes.

"Sorry, kid," Boyle said. "Couldn't help it."

The boy didn't say anything. He wiped his face with his bare hands, and then splashed sea water on his mouth.

"Get on the oars!" Hawkins yelled. "Or we'll turn and get

(Please turn to page 66)



The tankers in convoy—loaded with precious oil—were like sitting ducks for the German pocket battleship. One by one the ships went to bottom. Now only the Demetrio remained afloat.



Racked with pain, Boyle collapsed in engine room, had to be carried on deck on a stretcher.



Snakepit

Told in the words of a man who
watched them go raving mad, here is the
harrowing, true story of what happened
to 146 civilized young men and women who
were packed together inside a tiny room.

by CHARLES ELLIOTT

As compiled by Len Hawthorne

■ JUNE, 1756

Bulletin: Reliable sources have reported that after more than 70 years of peace, the entire British garrison at Fort William, Calcutta, has been overwhelmed in an attack by the forces of Suraj-ud-Daula, the Nawab of Bengal. Fighting began on June 18. Part of the garrison escaped to a ship and fled down river, but the remaining defenders surrendered June 20. With a force of less than 180 European and native Sepoy troops, the garrison had, for two days, withstood a siege by the Nawab's army of 10,000 men.

The night of the surrender, the Nawab ordered the 146 survivors, including fifty wounded, to be confined. His troops followed that order to the letter, and the entire group was placed in Fort William's single guardroom. Only 25 persons survived the night. The entire civilized world regards this as the most shocking treatment of prisoners ever recorded. (Please turn to page 47)





The More Moods the Merrier

And all of them together, mixed with just
the right amount of spice will give you Sara Aman.

■ SULTRY, sad, serious, sexy or gay—all these moods make up just one gal: She's the vivacious and lovely Sara Aman—singer, artist, actress, dancer.

But why should she, we asked her, be so moody?

Not a difficult question for Sara to answer: She stretched out on her couch, went into her sad-and-sexy mood and said, "I honestly feel that having a many-sided personality, filled with plenty of different moods, can make me a much more interesting and desirable person. A guy easily gets bored with a girl who doesn't make it her business to keep him interested in her from every angle."

MORE



Since her arrival in the states, Sara has appeared in singing and dancing roles in three Broadway musicals. Her ambition is to do a serious play.



THE MORE MOODS THE MERRIER

The scintillating Miss Aman draws on her theatrical background and training to keep herself most interesting—and in just the right mood to fit any situation.

It was one of these moods—the serious one for acting—that brought Sara to our shores in 1952. Born in Israel 25 years ago, Sara was brought up in Singapore. Amid those exotic surroundings, she was bitten by the acting bug and, naturally, headed for New York.

But instead of the "serious" brand of emoting she had planned, Sara landed in Broadway musicals, and in rapid succession she had singing and dancing roles in "The King and I," "Flahooley" and "Plain and Fancy." And there's plenty more yet to come from this moody Miss.

She works hard studying drama, dancing and singing. In her spare time, she paints, reads and dates "straightforward" men.

Her two-room Greenwich Village apartment is a studio, a home, and a try-out spot for the many moods of Sara Aman. ●



The scintillating Sara lives alone in a two-room apartment in New York's Greenwich Village. Her hobbies are painting, reading and "straightforward" men.





The significant statistics dealing with the sultry charms of Sara Aman are 5'2", 110 pounds and a rounded 35-23-35.



Back in 1945, when the "Rape of San Francisco" rattled California, folks chalked the riot up to VJ-Day hysteria. But it was more than that—for mighty nations have crumbled because of . . .

the Drink that Shook



V-J Day, San Francisco. End-of-war celebrators cool off in Civic Center outdoor pool.



Civilians and Navy personnel celebrate by singing and snake-dancing around open-air bonfire.

by JACKSON BURKE

■ TEN thousand Swedes ran through the streets of Stockholm one afternoon in 1955, shouting gibberish, screaming hysterically, pummeling each other, tearing one another's clothing off, women clawing frantically at men, husky blond males wrestling with girls on the sidewalks—and why? AKVAVIT! Plus spring madness.

Akvavit is to the people of Sweden what scotch is to the British, what sake is to the Japanese, or what bourbon is to our own people—namely the staff of life. But stronger, more potent. It speaks with absolute authority. It drives women wild and makes strong men gasp for breath.

Akvavit was the fuel that powered the ancient Vikings when they swept down from the frozen north, overran old England, invaded Denmark, and raped Brittany.

That riotous afternoon in the streets of Stockholm was not unheard-of, for it had happened before, from time to time. When the long dark days of the six-months winter pass, when the bleak sun climbs above the building tops in Stockholm, extra cops are added to the police, for the population is liable to run amok at any moment. Like the lemmings, which annually migrate across the land and on into the sea, where they drown by the thousands, the Swedes at winter's end load up on their national beverage, akvavit, and cut loose. This annual celebration resembles the wild and sexy carnivals (Please turn to page 52)

EDITOR'S NOTE

Somebody once proved that the dominance of any one nation over another depended on the quantity and quality of that nation's fighting men. In short, the formula was this: The larger and more technically advanced a nation's armed forces, the greater was such a nation's role as leader in world affairs assured.

Jackson Burke challenges that formula: He says, instead, that it is the quality and quantity of a country's national drink that makes or breaks it as a world power. And he proves it!

the World

First Blood



OPPOSING COMMANDERS AT BATTLE OF KASSERINE PASS

Above: General Rommel, second from left, and his Afrika Korps staff study Kasserine battle maps. Right: Maj. Gen. Lloyd Fredendall, seated at table, gets reports from American and French officers.



We were green and concussion-punchy,
and retreated for ten days, the
Afrika Korps chewing us up. When
our ballyhooed "tank-destroyers"
fizzled out, we gave up hope—until a
fuzz-faced kid yelled, "The Hell
with these machines! Let's be men!"

by CHARLES MARION CUSHING

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Allied brass called the place the gateway to Tunis, but to the troops of Maj. Gen. Lloyd Fredendall's Second Army Corps it was the gateway to Hell.*

The place was a muddy gorge through the jagged Tebessa Mountains of Tunisia, known as Kasserine Pass, and what happened there on Washington's Birthday in 1943 was that an American army of dejected, defeat-shocked, comparatively green soldiers ended a retreat. The German General Erwin Rommel had clobbered them at Faïd with his 10th Armored Division, chased them out of Sidi Bou Zid, and driven them back to Sbeitla. With all the murderous fury his Tiger tanks could muster, he won Gafsa. The Americans fell back to Kasserine and Thala. If Rommel could deliver the knockout punch there, he might still save North Africa for the Nazis. He might thwart an Allied invasion of Europe for years to come.

For ten days the Americans and British had retreated. They'd fought like tigers, they'd died courageously—but the hard-bitten, desert-experienced Afrika Korps had licked them. They were definitely punchy, and Rommel knew it. He swung the haymaker with all the fury of his armor, artillery, and Panzer grenadiers. But what he didn't know was that "those green Americans" would get up off the canvas, shake off the punches, and come roaring back with a slugging counter-attack that helped drive him out of Kasserine and, ultimately, out of Africa.

This we offer as a preface to the following account of what happened to one small unit, and one man, in this historic action at Kasserine Pass.

■ WHEN the lieutenant commanding a platoon of tank destroyers briefs you before an action, you listen to him with a special kind of respect. You know he's not going to be around

MORE



Our American tank destroyers, mounting 75 mm. artillery pieces, were badly outgunned by German panzer tanks.



Afrika Korps anti-aircraft units helped keep the Allies from gaining air supremacy over the battlefield.



Many of our halftracks, like the one above, were knocked out by the German tanks with their 88 mm. cannon.

FIRST BLOOD



We positioned and camouflaged our anti-tank guns and waited for Rommel to launch his panzer attack.

much longer. He's the spearhead of the attack, or tail-end Charlie in a rear-guard action, and you're respectful even though he's green at the job.

What I mean by that is the chances are if he has the job today, or had it yesterday even, he probably didn't have it the day before. Maybe 48 hours ago he got pushed up from buck sergeant to lieutenant to replace the last platoon leader, and tomorrow the job will be up for grabs again.

Lieut. Bill Simmons was the one who gave me my first briefing when I joined the 805th Tank Destroyer Battalion as a replacement in Tunisia. This was just before the Battle of Faïd Pass. I'd been slightly wounded in the Battle for Oran when we fought the French in the invasion of North Africa, but after a spell in a hospital in Algiers I was ready to go again. At least, that's what I thought.

So when I reached the outfit the early part of February, 1943, all I knew about the Germans was what I'd been reading in the news bulletins. They were tough, sure, but the British had chased this Rommel back from El Alamein to Tripoli and on into Tunisia and most of us figured the fight was out of him. With green troops we'd done pretty well against the Germans at Medjez and Tabarka and Tamera in the first American offensive the past November, but this, I (Please turn to page 74)



Losses during the battle for Kasserine Pass were heavy on both sides. Above, left, American Army medics remove wounded driver from smashed truck. Above right, three German tanks which were knocked out during battle.



With fixed bayonets, a squad of British infantrymen follows its sergeant through break in German defenses.

An Italian soldier, captured during battle for Kasserine Pass, makes V for victory sign.



Our tank destroyers scored a direct hit on this German tank. Crew was machine gunned when they tried to bail out.





Above, Robert Irwin, often called the Mad Sculptor, was recognized as a dangerous mental case several years before he murdered model Veronica Gedeon, below.



Six of every ten men between the ages of 17 and 70 are potential "sex fiends."

But science tells us that the line which separates natural desire from the unnatural can now be recognized in time.

What Makes a Man a SEX-

by DR. GEORGE S. HATTOCK

EDITOR'S NOTE: "The potential sex maniac," says a noted psychiatrist, "is a person who suffers from a mental illness understood least of all by himself." In an effort to throw some light on this lack of understanding, we asked Dr. George S. Hattock, outstanding New York physician, to give our readers some of the basic causes responsible for the sex-fiends among us.

■ WHO is a potential sex maniac?

If what psychiatrists tell us is correct, 90 percent of all males between the ages of 15 and 70 come under that category. The percentage is based on the theory that 90 percent of all humans are subject to emotional and mental disturbances and, in males, such a disturbance can take the form of a sex mania.

Psychiatrists also tell us that the greatest fear among their male patients is that they will suddenly go berserk and kill in a fury of mad sex passion. Mass psychology (Please turn to page 44)

FIEND?



Lee Parker, above, screams after being shown photo of Corrine Baldwin, left. Youth, who had blood spots on lapel of his jacket, admitted sex-killing of pretty art student.



The author, Captain Ed Smith, points to map which he calls his "morgue-board." Each pin means another accident on the highway.

I BOSS the **HIGHWAY TO HELL**

Sometimes I'd swear that the Devil himself is a hitchhiker on Five Mile Grade—because it seems that no matter what the driver does, no matter what modern engineering does, Satan alone is the killer.

by CAPTAIN ED SMITH
California Highway Patrol

■ COME off that 2594-foot summit, your brakes afire, your 20-ton load gaining momentum, and there's nothing to slow or stop you for five terror-stricken downgrade miles. *Nothing.*

Nothing, that is, but big-rigs grinding uphill... nothing but thin-skinned passenger cars, their drivers straining to reach the summit. Your brakes gone, your spotlight washing the black highway ahead, you roar downhill at 100, maybe 110 mph... toward a swarm of uprushing headlights. Maybe, with luck and inbred skill, you get past them. Even if you're that lucky—and not many are—the worst lies ahead: that S curve at the grade's bottom, just before you roll into the town of Castaic, California.

They call it Five Mile Grade—that treacherous 7 per cent segment of highway along California's notorious Ridge Route. On busy days, 20,000 trucks and cars wheel over the Ridge, streaming along Highway 99, the asphalt life-line linking Los Angeles and (Please turn to page 62)



When the brakes burned out on this cross-country trailer truck, Five Mile Grade claimed another victim.



This couple never lived to tell about
"the most dangerous five miles in America."



A

World War II spy is shot by Free French underground. Photo was taken instant bullets from firing squad guns hit him.

DEATH OF A HUNGARIAN WAR CRIMINAL

Andor Jarosz, one of the top Nazis in Hungary, was found guilty as a war criminal and sentenced to be shot. At the right is the pictorial record of his execution. In first photo, as he is being tied to a stake, he presents a wan smile. Instant after firing squad shoots, he clutches his chest and sags on the ropes — a dead traitor.



Scream Before DYING

In the Middle Ages, the trick was to kill a man so that he'd die by agonizing inches. Today, executions are much more "civilized"—but the victim is just as dead.

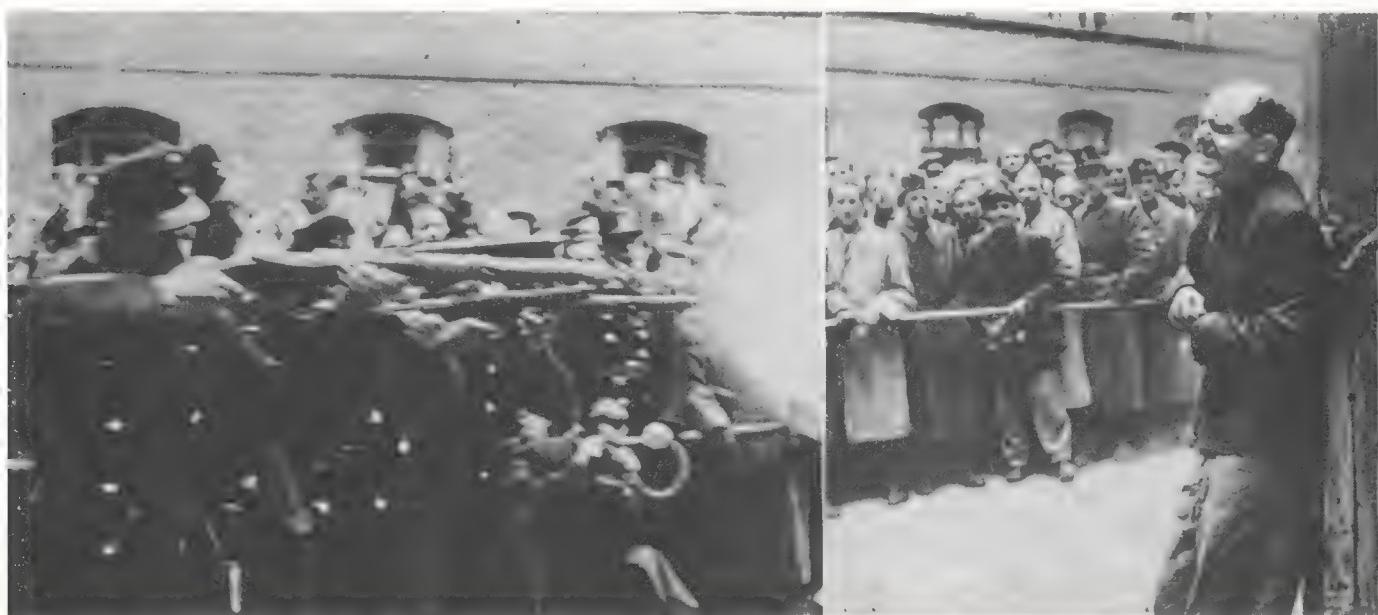


Chinese soldier takes careful aim as he prepares to shoot a Japanese officer who was found guilty of murdering civilians.

■ "LET'S hear you gurgle for us, matey," the crowd chanted. The man standing on the scaffold, about to be hanged, just grinned at his audience. Then the hangman slipped the black sack over his head, adjusted the noose and triggered the trapdoor. With a quick scream and sickening snap that was heard to the outer fringes of the crowd, the highwayman's neck was broken.

The hanging described above was a fairly common occurrence during 18th century England. But by no means was it the only way of executing criminals. History tells us that our ancestors were extremely creative in devising methods with which to torture and kill prisoners. Many kings in ancient Europe thought that boiling in oil was the thing to loosen a man's tongue. Burying a man alive was a popular form of punishment that lasted until 1460 in France.

MORE





During World War II, Japanese officers often used the ceremonial samurai sword to behead captured prisoners.



These three German spies were shot by a firing squad. They had been captured while wearing American uniforms.

A SCREAM BEFORE DYING

During the Middle Ages and the Holy Inquisition, burning at the stake was the vogue. The practice of drawing and quartering was reserved for those who were guilty of high treason. Then there was the wheel and the rack which prolonged the agonies of the condemned men. Decapitation, which is still practiced today, was refined in revolutionary France when they used the guillotine.

But through the centuries man has gradually realized that, although punishment and execution is necessary, something had to be done to make it more civilized. It wasn't until the 20th century that science entered the picture. After years of study and experimentation, the scientist invented what is regarded as the two most practical and humane means of execution—the electric chair and the gas chamber. With both these instruments the time lapse between life and death is a matter of a few seconds.

But science hasn't stopped studying the problem. Someday in the future, the perfect executioner will be perfected; one which at the same time satisfies our need for such an instrument and yet is the most humane possible. •

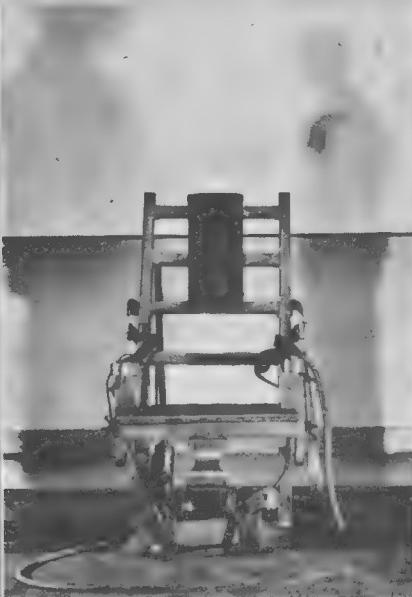


While recruits stand above watching, Japanese instructors use Chinese prisoners as targets during bayonet drill.

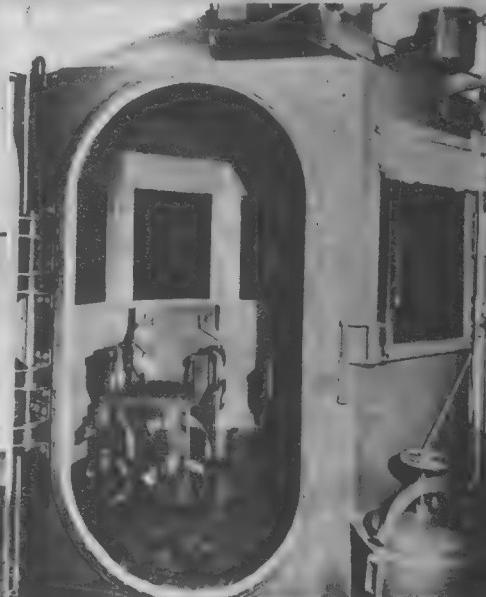
MODERN MAN'S INSTRUMENTS OF EXECUTION



Many states still prefer the old but extremely effective method of "hanging by the neck until dead."



The electric chair is considered by many to be most humane method yet devised to execute prisoners.



After being strapped in gas chamber, the time lapse between life and death is usually a matter of a few seconds.



"You'll

Sentenced to 24 years at Canon City, Daniels swore to escape. Below, two prison guards inspect the aftermath of the attempted escape.



Never Take Me Alive!"

by HUGH LAYNE

■ HIS name was Danny Daniels. He wore glasses and looked like a small town school teacher or a bank clerk. But he was hand-cuffed and had an Oregon boot locked to his leg when Colorado Springs Police Chief Hugh Harper delivered him to Warden Francis Crawford at Canon City Penitentiary. The book had been thrown at him: 24 years for armed robbery and assault with intent to kill. When he heard his sentence, he bellowed at the judge, "No prison can hold me. I'll never serve a year of it."

After guards led him away Harper said, "Daniels is the toughest man I've ever seen. He's a savage out of Oklahoma. Worked with the Kimes gang. We caught him red-handed one night trying to crack a

MORE

October 3, 1929—Canon City, Colorado. In the midst of one of the most explosive prison riots in all of American history, Danny Daniels spat out these savage words and then turned the state pen into a slaughter house.



Dramatic aerial view shows the state penitentiary blazing at the height of the riot which took the lives of seven guards and five convicts.



Guardsmen Patrick O'Neil (left) and Marion Keating played heroic parts in blocking break.

safe. Had to gas him out. He tried to slash a jailer's throat—so watch him! He'll kill somebody if you give him half a chance."

Daniels became Convict 14,277. That was in September. By March, when a governor who'd campaigned on no paroles and no pardons platform took office, the cons were restless and sullen. Knives disappeared from the kitchen. Guns smuggled in from outside. Escape plans whispered.

Warden Crawford searched every cell, shifted prisoners around daily. He couldn't find a thing. Summer came and with it an ominous calm.

Four desperate men were biding their time. Danny Daniels, James Pardue, four-time loser and one-time member of St. Louis' notorious "Egan Rat" mob. Al Davis, killer. He'd tried to break out of Canon City twice. Melvin "Red" Majors, stick-up artist. He had a successful break from a California prison to his credit. They had three revolvers stashed away.

"All we need now is a good rifle and we'll be set," Daniels told his cronies.

Warden Crawford made a trip to Colorado Springs on October 3rd. He left Deputy Warden John Green in charge.

Daniels, Pardue, Davis and Majors loaded coal that day. Guard Myron Goodwin walked the post near a turret overlooking the cars. Elmer "Shorty" Erwin was stationed in the mess hall crow's nest when the noon whistle blasted. He had a high powered rifle crooked in his arm. That would solve Daniels' problem.

The four tough guys dropped their shovels and got in line for the mess call. 1200 cons marched through the yard and stood at attention in the hall until ordered to sit down. Two men were missing—Daniels and Pardue. But that wouldn't be known until it was too late.

Mess was over and the last of the cons were filing out when a single shot resounded in the hall. Blood spurted from a hole in Shorty Erwin's neck. His rifle dropped to the concrete floor below. Pardue ran over and picked it up.

Guard Goodwin heard the shot from his turret on the wall. He saw two cons run from the mess hall. One of them stopped and aimed a rifle at him. Goodwin and the con fired simultaneously. The guard's knees buckled, he clutched his stomach and fell face forward from the wall onto the pile of coal.

James Pardue was down, wounded by Goodwin's bullet. The rifle was beside him. Danny Daniels grabbed the gun and pulled Pardue to his feet.

There was a short silence, but it didn't last. Terror-stricken convicts ran across the yard to their cells. Sirens screamed. Deputy Warden Green got the alarm from guards on the walls. He shouted orders, but nobody heard anything in the pandemonium.

Daniels' well laid plans were click-

ing almost perfectly. All but Pardue. They hadn't figured on him getting it so fast. 15 hostages were being held in Cell House 3. Convicts had stripped them, taken their guard uniforms, and made them put on prison gray. Then four cons dressed as guards dashed out and got Pardue. Four others brought Shorty Erwin into Cell House 3 from the mess hall. Danny Daniels was in complete charge of that armed fortress. He had hostages, revolvers, a high powered rifle and plenty of ammunition.

Deputy Warden Green contacted Crawford in Chief Harper's office in Colorado City. "Get back here as quickly as you can," he exclaimed. "All hell's broken loose. Two guards have been shot. A lot more are being held in Cell House 3. The cons have taken over there and they're armed to the teeth."

Green looked out the window and saw the chapel and mess hall in flames. "They're setting buildings afire," he said. "I can't talk any more."

Crawford said, "I'll have the governor notified from here. And I'll be in Canon City as fast as I can get there."

The warden hung up and told Chief Harper what was going on. "Call the governor," he said. "Tell him we need help. The penitentiary is going up in flames."

Colonel Paul P. Newlon, head of the National Guard, was dispatched to the scene with 40 men of a Howitzer company.

By the time Warden Crawford's car arrived, the penitentiary looked like a blazing inferno. "We managed to get Goodwin's body off the coal car," Deputy Green told him, "but it's impossible to tell what's going on in Cell House 3. Goodwin thinks he got the con who shot him. There must be at least 15 guards being held hostage."

"Daniels had just as soon kill every one of them," Crawford said. "How many guns has he got?"

Green couldn't be sure. "Erwin's rifle," he said, "and maybe six or seven revolvers."

Cell House 3 was directly opposite the administration building and separated from it by a wide expanse of prison yard. Smoke and flames were everywhere.

Warden Crawford was trying to figure out his next move when a guard ran in and said somebody was coming out of Cell House 3 with their hands up.

The prison officials went to the window and waited anxiously until the figure emerged from the smoke and stood directly beneath the warden's office. It was Dell Hanlon, a Denver gunman who was serving life.

The convict looked up at Crawford's window. "I've been instructed to tell you it's exactly 3:30," he said. "They want two cars at the West Gate by sundown. They've got a rifle trained on my back right now. I'm no part of this break, but they'd have killed me if I didn't carry out orders. They want the cars in good shape and

the tanks full of gas and some food."

Crawford asked who "they" were.

"Daniels, Majors, Pardue and Davis," Hanlon told him. "Pardue is wounded."

The grim-faced warden turned from the window. "If I comply," he told others in the room, "the whole countryside will be in danger. They'll kill anybody who gets in their way."

Crawford returned to the window. "And if I don't come through?" he asked Hanlon.

"They'll kill those guards two at a time until you do," the messenger said. "Daniels means business."

"Tell him I can't do business with killers," Crawford said.

Hanlon did an about-face and marched back to Cell House 3. Two shots rang out from within.

A method of putting out the fire was discussed, but no apparatus could be brought in without endangering the firemen's lives.

Father Patrick O'Neil, prison chaplain, suggested they plant a hundred pounds of dynamite against the west wall of Cell House 3. "That would expose them to our guns," he said.

"But who'd take the dynamite across that no-man's-land?" the warden asked. "It would be suicide."

"I would," Father O'Neil said. "I've no wife, no children. There are guards and other prisoners like Hanlon who want no part of this break. They've got to be saved."

Warden Crawford shook his head.

Deputy Green, standing at the window, said somebody else was coming out of Cell House 3. "It's Guard Joe Schillo," I think.

This man didn't stop beneath the window. He continued on inside the building to Crawford's office. Two more shots were heard in Cell House 3 before Schillo could tell his story.

"They must have thought I wasn't coming back," the guard said. "That was Jack Eels and Bob Wiggins. Daniels killed them because he thought I wasn't coming back. That makes four dead. Shorty Erwin and R. P. Brown were killed when Hanlon came back. Daniels said Shorty didn't matter anyway. He was already wounded."

Schillo said Davis and Majors both had gats. "Daniels has Erwin's rifle. They're desperate," he pleaded. "Every guard in there will die if you don't come through."

Crawford explained how impossible it would be to meet the jail-breakers' demands. "They'd have a car and guns," he said. "The manhunt that would follow would be a battle to the finish. There's no telling how many innocent people would be killed."

A guard ran in to tell the warden the bodies of Jack Eels and Bob Wiggins had just been thrown from the cell house out in the prison yard near the West Wall.

Father O'Neil listened and then stepped closer to Crawford. "Frank," he said, "this can't go on. It'll soon be sundown. I can plant that dynamite against the wall in the dark."

The warden finally gave his consent. "We'll place machine guns all along the wall and raze the cell house," he said. "You've got to have all the protection possible."

While the dynamite was being rigged with battery connections for the explosion, giant floodlights were taken to strategic spots along the outside walls where they could be put into operation quickly. National Guardsmen, manning machine guns, and armed with tear gas bombs took up positions along the same wall.

Word came in that another messenger from Cell House 3 was approaching across the yard. This one had first gone to the West Wall and picked up the dead body of either Jack Eels or Bob Wiggens, thrown it over his shoulder and was bringing it with him. The messenger was Guard John Pease.

"Daniels is tired of waiting for those cars," Pease called up to the warden. "He made me bring this corpse to show what he's going to do."

Then, dumping the body to the ground, he said, "This is Bob Wiggens. Daniels has John McClelland and Charlie Shepherd down on their knees praying. He told them that if I don't come back with the right answer, they die."

Crawford told Pease to go back and tell Daniels he'd have his answer in five minutes. "You're to come back for it," the warden said. "Keep your eyes on the West Wall. We're going to open fire from there. So when the shooting starts, run for the West gate."

Guard Pease did as he was told but Daniels didn't like the sound of it. "Go back for the answer," the des-

perado said, "but keep away from the administration building wall. I'll drill you if you do."

Warden Crawford was puzzled when Guard Pease came up to about 20 feet of the building and stopped. "Daniels is suspicious," the warden said. "We'll have to move fast."

At a given signal the machine guns opened fire, searchlights were beamed into the cell windows and tear gas bombs thrown. Guard Pease dashed for the West Gate with bullets hitting the ground all around him. The prison enclosure became a battlefield as the rat-a-tat of slashing bullets echoed in the hills.

Father O'Neil clutched 100 pounds of dynamite tightly in his arms. Somebody opened the West Gate for him. And under the cover of darkness and the heaviest barrage of machine gun fire ever laid down inside prison walls, the chaplain staggered across the yard toward Cell House 3.

The powerful searchlights beamed into the barred windows and National Guardsmen's bullets made it impossible for Daniels to see the priest until it was too late. Father O'Neil knelt at the base of the wall out of range of the guns above, piled the explosives there and adjusted the wires.

Then he turned and ran back across the no-man's-land amidst a hail of lead. Moments later Father O'Neil was safe outside the West Gate, exhausted, but unhurt.

Warden Crawford gave the order for the plunger to be pressed. He hoped the explosion would tear out the front part of Cell House 3 exposing the desperate cons to a hail of machine gun bullets.

A gigantic roar went up. The whole of Cell House 3 shook with the explosion. Glass from the windows and concrete from the walls flew everywhere. Black smoke rolled skyward. But the front wall failed to crumble. There was a huge hole where Father O'Neil had planted the dynamite. That was all. The priest's brave effort had failed.

Inside the cell house Danny Daniels was raving like a wild man. "Crawford's not going to give us those cars," he stormed, "but I'm not through yet. We've got to get out of here somehow."

Pardue was so weak from loss of blood he could hardly speak. "Danny," he managed, "nobody's going to win. Put a bullet through my head."

But Daniels insisted he wasn't finished yet. "We've still got some live guards," he said. "They'll pay before we do."

George Margaridge, a bank robber who'd gone along with the jailbreak, told Daniels he was licked. "You've tried everything," he said. "Why don't you give up? Crawford is as tough as you are."

The rebel leader didn't flinch. He raised his rifle and shot Margaridge on the spot. The close-range bullet went through the con's skull before he knew what hit him.

"Anybody else?" Daniels snarled.

Nobody spoke. But every one of the rioters knew Daniels was through.

Around midnight the tough guy played his last card. After telling Pardue, Davis and Majors that they'd either leave Canon City in fast cars or a hearse, he called in Guard Jack Shea.

"Tell the warden this is it," he said. "Either we get the cars within the hour or I'm going to blast every guard in here to hell. Tell him there won't be any more messengers. I'll show him who's tough."

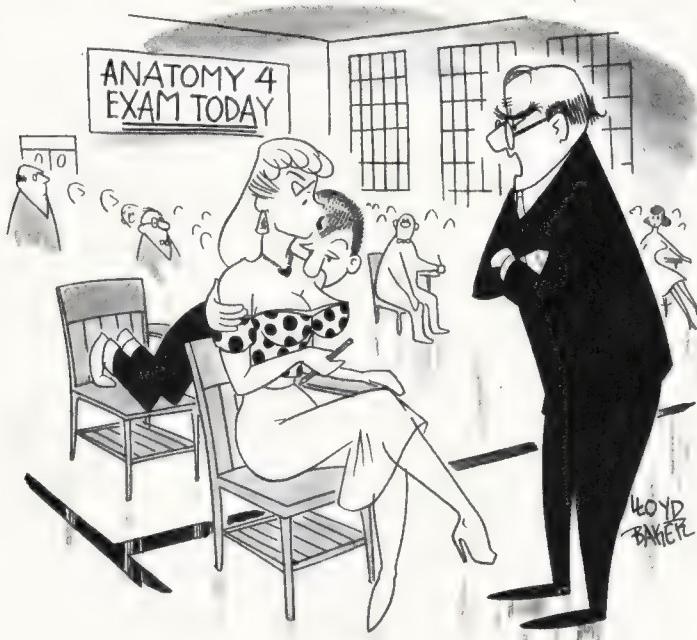
Shea walked across the yard in the darkness. Nobody in the administration building saw him until he was almost there. The rebels waited for their answer to this final ultimatum. Warden Crawford listened to Shea, but sent back no reply. He had talked with the governor several times. Both men agreed that to supply four desperate men with cars would be inviting multiple murder.

When an hour passed Daniels knew Crawford wasn't going to compromise. He was standing beside a bunk where Pardue lay wounded. Davis and Majors were there, too.

"Time's up," the leader said. "We're not going to get those cars. I told Crawford I'd kill every guard in here. Let's do it."

The three desperadoes went to the cell holding the guards. Daniels opened the door and said, "Let them have it!"

Blood spurted against the walls as bullets tore into the huddled group of hostages. Some of the terrified guards clutched their stomachs. Others were knocked backwards by the im-



"Garver! This is my last warning about using reference material!"

pact of lead. When the firing stopped, all were sprawled on the bloodied floor.

Daniels went back to Pardue's cell with Davis and Majors. The wounded man looked up at the tough guy who'd planned this night of terror.

"Give it to me, Danny," he said.

"I don't want the screws to get me."

Daniels looked at Davis and Majors. They nodded.

A moment later Pardue was dead.

Majors said, "I'll take the same."

Daniels squeezed the trigger. Majors staggered backward and fell sideways to the concrete floor.

Davis didn't say anything. Daniels killed him with one bullet.

The man who'd sworn he'd never serve a year of his sentence paced up and down the blood stained corridor. He believed all of the guards were dead. He knew his cohorts were.

Then Danny Daniels put a bullet through his head.

The Canon City prison break was over. But it hadn't ended exactly as the rebel leader thought. Guards Hollister and Osborn staggered out of Cell House 3 later. Their faces were covered with blood and they wore no clothing except crimson splotched underwear.

"We're alive," Osborn mumbled, "and so are Roche and Earl. They're wounded. Go in and get them. Every-

body else is dead. Daniels, Pardue, Davis and Majors. All dead."

Later, at the hospital, Hollister explained how he and Osborn had dropped to the floor and played dead when the massacre started. Roche and Earl were wounded, but quick hospitalization saved their lives.

The dead guards numbered seven. Shorty Erwin, Jack Eels, Rinker, Shephard, McClellan, Wiggins and Brown. Goodwin's death brought the total to eight. He died in a hospital.

With the death of George Morganridge, the convict dead numbered five. Danny Daniels had carried out his threat. He never did serve a single year of his sentence.

END



WHAT MAKES A MAN A SEX-FIEND?

(Continued from page 33)

has much to do with this condition. Let a sex killer commit a brutal crime and the newspapers will report all the gruesome details on the front pages. So, it is only natural that men reading about these things begin to wonder if such a thing could happen to them, especially the highly sexed and nervous types.

What causes a man to become a sex maniac and what are the symptoms of such a mental breakdown? You will be surprised, and relieved, to learn that the symptoms are far removed from what you may have been worrying about.

Take the case of Franklin Click. We have a complete psychiatric report on him, giving us each step in the mental process that changed him into one of the most brutal and terrifying sex maniacs of the century. He was 28, a husband and father, living in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Outwardly, he was normal in every way, well-liked by all and the owner of a celery farm. He was careful with money, owned a nice home, had no bad habits, was an active member of the church and deeply religious.

On February 3, 1945, Fort Wayne was stunned by the sex murder of Billy Haaga. Billy was 38, but still had the beauty of her youth when she was an actress on the vaudeville circuit. She had given up the theater and was working in a local factory. At five o'clock in the evening, she left her work, met a friend in a downtown

store, and at seven she was at the Knights of Columbus Ball. Billy was due home at nine o'clock, but she never got there.

The next morning, Arno Riddell and his family were sitting down to breakfast in their farm home four miles north of Fort Wayne. There was a scratching at the door. Arno Riddell said, "Let the dog in, Freddie." His son got up and opened the kitchen door. There was no dog there. Billy Haaga, clothes torn from her body and her a mass of bruises and blood, staggered inside the kitchen door and fell to the floor unconscious.

She was taken to the Fort Wayne Hospital where she never gained full consciousness again. She mumbled a few incoherent words and from these the police officers got the picture of a sex attack. A few hours later, Billy Haaga died.

This was the beginning of a reign of terror in Fort Wayne. Even as Billy Haaga lay dying, two other women were attacked by a sex maniac and left unconscious. When they recovered consciousness, they could give only a vague description of their attacker.

Anna Kuzeff was the next girl to die at the hands of this mad sex killer. Then the naked bodies of Phyllis Conine and Dorothea Howard were found. In each case, there had been attempts at sexual intercourse which was never fully completed. Each girl had had her clothes torn from her body, the mad killer apparently being satisfied with the thrill of looking at their nude bodies.

Three months after the sex murders started, they came to a sudden and startling end. A Fort Wayne housewife, whose name the police have withheld, was attacked by this sex maniac and left for dead. She didn't die and was smart enough to get the license number of the attacker's car.

The license number led to the home of young Franklin Click. He was arrested, confessed to the mad killings, and died in the electric chair for his crimes.

What caused this apparently normal husband and father, and intensely religious man, to go suddenly berserk as a sex killer? When the psychiatrists

examined Click, they first subjected him to the Rorschach ink-blot test. He was asked to look at ten ink-blots and tell what he saw. A normal person would see only ten ink blots, or if his imagination got to work, he might see images, but always stationary ones.

Click saw many women, all naked and moving and twisting about, laughing and talking to him. This was the clue to his mental illness. It showed that he was suffering from hallucinations and delusions. The layman might think it would be easy for a demented person to hide them from a doctor. It isn't, for the simple reason that these hallucinations are perfectly normal to the psychotic person once the transition from reality to unreality has been completed. To the psychotic, anybody who can't see them is crazy.

Click's transition from reality to unreality was abrupt and without any period of doubt or confusion. The symptoms he showed as he began to break mentally would have been obvious to a psychiatrist. To his family and friends they appeared unimportant, and nobody gave them a second thought.

At first he began to show an irritability over small details. This is one of the most common signs of a changing personality. To a psychotic, small and unimportant details often become greatly magnified.

Then his friends began to notice that Click would stare at them when they asked him questions. He acted as if he didn't hear. It was believed that he was having trouble with his hearing. He did hear, but by this time he was hearing strange voices, and these were more important to him than what his friends were saying.

As this change came over him, his sex power decreased; and, as it did, he adopted an arrogant attitude toward sex and told smutty stories, something he had never done before. But none of these symptoms alarmed his family or friends, so Click progressed to his brutal sex murders without anybody remotely suspecting what was happening to him.

While Click was found to be mentally ill, the court ruled that he knew the difference between right and

wrong and was judged sane. As a result, he died in the electric chair.

In the psychiatrists' report we find at no time was sex an important factor in his mental break. What causes a man or woman to change from a normal to a psychotic personality still remains a mystery to medical science. As Click's personality underwent this transition, the feeling of sexual inadequacy, which in his normal state had not bothered him, became the predominant thought in his psychotic personality. His sex murders were not committed from any wild and uncontrollable sexual desire, but from a demented attempt to prove to himself that he possessed any sexual power at all.

There are cases where the transition to unreality has not been completed and the patient has a feeling of confusion and a sense of impending danger. Robert Irwin, the mad killer of Veronica Gedeon, her mother, and their roomer, on that Easter morning in New York City, must have sensed this imminent danger. Several years before these murders, he appeared at a New York hospital, having attempted to emasculate himself. He pleaded with the hospital to complete the operation. They had to refuse; and although it was obvious he was a dangerous mental case, they could not hold him, because under the law he had committed no crime.

The case of Roman Lee Hughes gives us an interesting example of how the urge of a sex maniac can be far removed from sexual desires. Hughes was born in poverty, a child of a broken home. He worked as a laborer and then became a seaman. The only education that he received, beyond

grade school, was gotten through his own efforts. As a boy, and a young man, he had dreams of grandeur, lived in an imaginary world wherein he was rich, wore expensive clothes, was admired and irresistible to women.

On August 16, 1937, Roman Lee Hughes registered at a waterfront hotel in San Francisco with a woman, obviously of the demimonde. Hughes was wearing an expensively tailored suit, a homburg hat and carried a cane. Sometime during the night, he walked out of the hotel and never returned.

When the maid unlocked the room Hughes had rented, she saw the woman on the bed, naked and her left breast cut off and lying on the floor. The maid left the room screaming. San Francisco detectives arrived, identified the dead woman as a waterfront character.

A week later, the same detectives were looking at the naked body of another woman of the waterfront. As in the first case, her breast had been cut off and lay on the floor. This second victim had been subjected to abnormal attempts at sexual relations which had never been consummated.

Also, like the first victim, her male companion had been a well-dressed man in his mid-thirties, who carried a cane and flashed money as if he was wealthy. For two years the sex murders continued, timed always with the arrival of Hughes' ship in San Francisco harbor. The police turned the city upside down hunting for the wealthy killer, never suspecting they were looking for a common seaman.

Hughes finally made his big mistake. In fact, he made three serious ones all in one night. He raised his standard

of victims, picked pretty Jean Montgomery, a secretary, courted her for several weeks, convinced her he was a man of standing and wealth, and then one night proceeded to kill her in her apartment. But instead of letting her severed breast fall to the floor, he slipped it into his coat pocket. Then he made his third error. He went to a bar and got drunk. During his mood, the bloody mess of what had been Jean Montgomery's breast fell to the floor.

He was arrested and taken to headquarters, where he readily confessed to the murders, expressing surprise that anybody thought they were unusual. "You see," he said, "I had to kill them because they would have learned I was not a rich man."

Psychiatrists never got a chance to give Hughes a thorough examination. The next night he committed suicide in his cell, leaving the following note: "Now I am in Hell."

Unfortunately, the psychiatrists were only able to question Hughes briefly. In this examination, Hughes was pronounced a schizophrenic, a person with a dual personality, one sane, the other insane. While on the ship, he was a quiet, retiring type, having little to do with his shipmates. Once ashore, his imaginary world of riches and power took over.

In this world, a product of a distorted mind, he sought the admiration of women, not so much for love and sex as to be accepted by them as a man of great wealth. The fear that they might learn the truth about him, and in so doing shatter the imaginary world he lived in was the basic cause for his murders. His practice of cutting off the breast of each victim was just one of those strange quirks a demented mind sometimes produces.

As we know little about Hughes' background, we can't pin down the symptoms that led to his final mental break. His poverty and his imaginary world of riches were not the cause. Many people have known poverty and lived in a dream world of wealth without suffering a breakdown. But the poverty and his dream world became driving urges to his distorted mind and they were magnified into reality. We do know from his shipmates that sex was never important to him; and, unlike other sailors, he never visited houses of prostitution when ashore in the Orient. It is safe to assume his symptoms followed the same pattern as Click and other psychotics.

The most terrifying and ghastly of all sex maniacs are the ones with cannibalistic complexes. Psychologists are in wide disagreement on the basic cause of this form of insanity. Some contend that humans are not far removed, emotionally, from the beast, and you don't have to scratch deep under the skin to find these primitive traits in all of us. Other authorities believe that this form of sex maniac results from imaginary hallucinations that are part of a psychotic personality, and has nothing to do with our cavemen ancestors.



FRANK RIDGEWAY

Police files have many of these cases with their psychiatric findings. They do not confirm the causes of the illnesses, but give an interesting picture of the symptoms and the development of this form of sexual mania.

The one case studied by hundreds of psychiatrists is Otto Steve Wilson. Not only do we have the reports from police psychiatrists, but the Navy went deep into the background of Wilson, which offers some interesting facts on how a man becomes such a creature.

Wilson spent his early life in an orphanage in Shelbyville, Indiana. Nothing is known about his parents, which leaves us without knowledge of any inherited weakness. In the orphanage, he was an average child who didn't rebel against the rules. Leaving the home, he entered high school, was a banner student and was well-liked, although he was shy and took little interest in a social life.

There were oddities in his personality which might indicate a latent homosexual. His sex powers were low, and this fact seemed to cause him to retire into his shell. After high school, he enlisted in the Navy, received rapid promotions, and became a laboratory technician, handling the testing of blood specimens.

In 1937, he met and married an ex-Army nurse. This was his first regular experience with sex. Some time after his marriage, his wife was taking a bath while he was shaving in the bathroom. As she stepped out of the tub, naked, he made a quick movement with his right hand and sliced the flesh on her bare hip.

Blood spurted and he went on his hands and knees, his mouth against the wound. His wife jumped back, demanded to know what he was doing. He answered: "I like to kiss your blood. I like to drink it . . . I can't help it . . . something funny is happening to me."

His wife was also convinced something strange was happening. She reported the incident to the Naval authorities. They watched Wilson, saw that he began drinking the blood specimens from the vials he was testing. He was placed in confinement in a hospital. The Naval psychiatrists delved deeply into his background and subjected him to sanity tests. They found that he had a sexual psychosis, with a cannibalistic complex. He was given a medical discharge from the Navy.

One year later, Los Angeles was to have two of the most shocking murders in the history of the city. The bodies of two women, identified as Virgie Griffin and Lillian Johnson, were found in two different hotels, murdered on the same day and only a few hours apart. There wasn't much left of their corpses. They had been the victims of a cannibalistic attack.

Wilson made no attempt to hide his two crimes. He had registered at the hotels under his real name and left fingerprints everywhere. He seemed unmoved when picked up and he quickly confessed. After many legal

delays, he died in the gas chamber June 18, 1945.

Wilson's own description, as told to the Naval psychiatrists, of the processes of his mental break gives a clear picture of what happens when a man develops a cannibalistic sex psychosis. From early childhood, blood had always fascinated him. When he was 10 he had his first drink of it. He was at a farm where they were butchering hogs by slitting their throats. He was so thrilled at the sight of the blood that he let it run over his hands and he drank some of it.

All this is not abnormal. Blood fascinates many people who are not mentally ill. The difference between Wilson and a normal person takes us back to the ink blot test for sanity. When Wilson saw blood, he saw other things—animals twisting and leaping and calling to him. A normal man can look at blood, and be fascinated, but he doesn't see images in it.

When Wilson drank blood, it did strange things to him; it gave him a feeling of elation and erotic sexual stimulation. Those feelings continued through his youth, never becoming overpowering, and so he thought little about them. In high school he had tried sex with a girl his own age but wasn't successful. Boys interested him more, yet at no time did he practice any overt homosexuality.

A year before his marriage, he began to have hallucinations and heard voices. He was in the Navy, and several times he thought he would go to a doctor, but he didn't. His marital sex life was never fully complete, but his wife was patient and his sexual rela-

tions improved. Yet each act left him confused. His hallucinations became more pronounced and the voices he heard were more distinct. He became possessed with a desire to drink blood. He did—his wife's in the bathroom. The taste so thrilled him that in the laboratory he could no longer resist drinking the blood specimens he was examining.

The Navy psychiatrists took charge of him. They found he was a definite psychotic personality. They learned about his mad passion for human blood and all the facts of his youth. Yet, knowing all this, they turned him loose on society to commit his two ghastly murders.

Sex-twists in the insane are many. It would take a large book to cover all the different types of sex maniacs. But the important thing to you, however, is whether there is any danger of you becoming one.

To answer this question, we interviewed Doctor Edmund Shafer, psychiatrist and well-known authority on sex crimes.

"The sex maniac is a person suffering from a mental illness not well understood by the public," says Dr. Shafer. "The prevailing picture is of a man driven to his wild and insane acts by an over-powering sex lust. In many cases, sex has nothing to do with such acts. They are merely an expression of a more deeply seated psychotic disturbance. The number of male patients that come to me with the fear that they might become a sex maniac is surprising, but more surprising is their idea of the symptoms that lead up to such a condition."



"Now stick out ten dollars and say goodbye."

"It is always the patient who is highly sexed that has the feeling he will go crazy if he doesn't get sex. This condition, if very serious, should be corrected, but it is nothing to worry about, as any healthy and normal man feels such sex urges.

"Sex images seem to worry many men. If these are natural and in no way distorted, they are nothing to be

concerned about. They are not symptoms of a mental break. All men have them from time to time, either in their dreams or in their waking hours.

"A sex maniac is a man with a psychosis. The symptoms of a psychosis are seldom connected directly with sex. In most cases, they are so vague that for years they are hidden to all but a psychiatrist. It is difficult to give any

set rules for these symptoms because they vary in each case.

"One consoling thought I give to all my patients, though, is that their chance of a serious mental break is so remote that the odds are well over 2,000 to one in their favor."

These odds should relieve any of your worries, too, of becoming a sex maniac.

END



SNAKEPIT

(Continued from page 21)

(*EDITOR'S NOTE: The following account of what happened in the guard room of Fort William the night the siege ended, is taken from the memoirs of Charles Elliott. A factor of the East India Company, Elliott himself survived that night and the three weeks of incredibly brutal treatment that followed the fall of Fort William, before being released by the Nawab's forces. Elliott returned to England and died peacefully more than 20 years after this event, which proved to be the turning point in British-Indian history.*)

"Dusk was falling fast as we were marched in single file into the barracks. The wounded, who had been tormented with insects all afternoon while we were in the shadier parts of the courtyard, were glad to at last be getting indoors. Like the rest of us, they imagined that with the shelter would come the common decencies of life as prisoners. I helped one trooper with a leg wound that had stiffened up badly. He hobbled along while leaning on my shoulder. He kept repeating, 'Mr. Elliott, it's good of you. Truly good, Sir.'

"I had no more idea of what was coming than did the others. The line ahead simply turned into the barracks, and the Nawab's guards stood with spears on either side of the doorway. We expected to be confined to the barracks for the night, and counted on the big water jars at the end for washing and dressing wounds.

"When I reached the entrance with this trooper, I saw that the line turned an abrupt left into the small guard room that was in front of the barracks. There was no need for the room to be big for there was seldom more than one man confined at a time. Its chief advantage was that the windows were barred.

"Halloo, we're going into the guard room first. Ever been in here, trooper?"

"Not once, Mr. Elliott, but I guess there has to be a first time," he said.

When we entered I was surprised to find that there was no officer inside. I had thought there might be someone there to search us, for we hadn't been searched while standing out in the square. It didn't seem that the guard room would hold more than forty or fifty prisoners, not being more than twenty feet by fifteen."

(*EDITOR'S NOTE: It was later measured and found to be eighteen feet by fourteen feet ten inches.*)

"There was a table and a cot. Also some earthenware utensils on the table. They might have been used for food and drink, but were more likely there to be used if a prisoner had to relieve himself. There was neither water nor sanitary arrangements.

"Someone behind me observed: 'They'll likely put the rest of us in the main barracks. This heat is oppressive. We must get some water from the guards.' It was Mr. J. Z. Holwell. He had been marched in right after me. I was very glad to see him, for he was the Company's zamindar (revenue collector), and would mostly likely be well-treated by the Nawab. To be in here with him was very fortunate, I thought.

"So those of us who had entered the guard-room first, clustered around the windows savoring what little evening breeze there was in the growing darkness. There were two windows, and scarcely room for four heads at either one of them. As the room began to fill up, the wounded who had lain down began getting to their feet again.

"Tell the guards there's no more room in here, and to get us some water," Mr. Holwell said. But the guards ignored him. The prisoners kept streaming in, two-by-two. Each new pair seemed dazed when they saw the small room, which was getting well packed. If they hesitated at the doorway they were shoved in by the Nawab's spearmen.

"There's a woman," someone cried, and another voice said, "Mrs. Beemish!" in great surprise. I concluded that the guards outside were driving everyone who had survived the defense of the Fort into the line that led to the guard room. Now the guards, probably fearing a rush at the entrance, had taken to shutting the guard-room door after shoving in each new pair of prisoners.

"The crowding became more in-

tense, and an angry buzz of talk developed, for everyone in the room, whether Sepoy, Officer, or India Company employee had something on his mind and meant to talk freely, now that we were no longer under the eyes of the Nawab's guards. Kelly, another of the Company's employees, spoke above the murmur. 'Mr. Holwell,' he called, 'is it true that the Nawab said we would be given protection as prisoners?'

"That was the substance of his discussion this afternoon," Holwell told him. 'We must keep our spirits up. His highness, though young, sounded to be a man of honor. Perhaps this crowding is just a test of strength.'

"The men on the far side of the room began to complain, quite loudly, that they were not getting enough air. 'Guard, guard!' other prisoners were calling from the windows. But no guard came. The spearmen at the door were still busily shoving additional members of our British community in among us.

"It was then full dark and the heat, stored up by walls, floor and ceiling, seemed to grow thicker and staler every moment. It was probably the heat of our bodies more than anything else. But the heat in that one small room had grown intense. Mr. Holwell himself complained that it was intolerable. But that early in the night, he little knew of what was yet to come.

"I was sweating to the point where my body was completely wet, yet the man next to me, a sergeant, had his arm bandaged and insisted on holding it straight against his side. At my back were two large native Sepoy soldiers from the ranks. One of them had a very low wrapping on his turban. I asked Mr. Holwell if this was a new style, perhaps for prisoners. He spoke kindly to the man in his native tongue and then answered me.

"He says that he didn't lose much blood, but that he has a gaping head-wound under the wrapping and that he can put two fingers into it. That's a very serious wound if his description is accurate. I spent some years as surgeon on an Indiaman that traveled between here and London, you know."

"All of us were getting pretty tense after about an hour of periodic unbolted of the door, and jamming two more forms in from the dim-lit hallway, and slamming of the door again, and hearing it re-barred. There was a great deal of shoving on the far side of the room. Something was going on over there that we didn't want to even guess

at. Finally there came a shout, 'Put them both under the table,' and then a rejoinder, 'No, raise the table, and put it down on them! It was a plain case of mob rule, and it was the most tightly-packed mob in history.

"Within an hour after dark, the door was bolted for the last time. No matter how much the men nearest it pounded, there was no response and we all felt the dreadful certainty that the guards had gone away. We started to shout at the open windows. It caused us to sweat more freely. Eventually one guard came by. He thrust his spear along the bars and shouted something guttural that Mr. Holwell interpreted as 'Shut up, you swine.'

"Mr. Holwell called out to him, 'Get us water. If you do not, you will lose prisoners and be punished.'

"Noisy English dog, you bark but have no teeth. My officer is at his evening meal. Should I disturb him, he would be displeased and cut off my hands.' Then he walked away. Only when our shouting grew louder did he return. He used his spear point to poke a bit at our hands, which were clenching the window bars.

"The uproar on the far side of the room grew. Suddenly there was a crunching sound, and the wooden table collapsed. It didn't just fall to the floor. Individual pieces were soon in the hands of men who used them to club a little room around them. Then the pots that had been on the table were smashed against the upper walls, and slivers of these were used to gouge and scratch everyone in the dark nearby. In return, the elbowing and shoving and pressure became intense as people tried to get out of the way, and others tried to do them in, unable to see clearly just whom they were fighting. Soon I felt a body slip down under my feet, and knew several of the people behind me must be stepping on the person, whoever he might be. But the body was soft and pliable. I thought, without even striking a blow, that if anyone tried to shove me down like that, I'd battle him to the death.

"Outside in the courtyard, fireflies danced and there came a distant wailing of some instrument.

"The gunner at our window peered out. 'There's somebody standing beside that guard. Call out to him in Bengali language, Mr. Holwell. We may yet get water and aid.' So Mr. Holwell called, and the second figure came over to our stinking, fetid window, and said the equivalent of 'What do you want?'

"Save yourself while there is still time,' Mr. Holwell told him. 'Your exalted highness, the Nawab, promised me protection for my fellow prisoners today. He promised this in person. You must enter the stockade and restore order, or you will be punished. Also the prisoners must have water to survive the night.'

"The shouting at that time was deafening. Some of the prisoners at the far window were in a frenzy, and nothing could quiet them. The Nawab's officer stood quietly, thinking out his answer.

Then he spoke to Holwell, who seemed crushed by his reply. We begged for a translation, no one there knowing Bengali as Holwell did with his twenty years in India.

"He told me the Nawab has retired for the night, leaving orders not to be disturbed. He also says he can take no action without a direct order or he will be drawn and pulled apart in quarters, so severe is his highness's discipline. There's no help here, lads. We must make the best of it!"

"With that, the fighting broke out with added fury. Word seemed to have spread by magic through the miniature bedlam. People who could not possibly have heard what was said began crying, singing, or laying about them with pieces of the table.

"The air grew more oppressive. I received a sharp blow on the back of the head, but on turning I could see no one trying for a second attack. The sergeant beside me slumped a little, but then came up again. Blood was trickling down along his cheek and jaw. 'Someone trying to make space for himself near the window,' was all he said. A few feet away, absolute pandemonium reigned.

"Toward midnight things began to quiet down. There was less wildness in the scuffling. But there was also more labored breathing. Without realizing it, I hope, a great many of the prisoners in that little guard-room had suffered blows and slumped to the floor, never to wake again. Although the air at a lower level is more fresh, the packed humanity above was sufficient to actually press and squeeze the very breath of life from these seriously injured Sepoys and Europeans.

"There were half a dozen of us, the hard-core of the window-position prisoners. But back beyond us, we later observed by moonlight, were bodies of both dead and living prisoners. Clambering all over these, were squirming and fighting armed men. They had somehow managed to survive the terrible blows of the table-boards. They had probably given a good many of those blows themselves, in order to be up, stomping, on the still-warm, wet corpses under their feet. Groans were everywhere. Those who did not groan, whispered to each other in hoarse, tongue-swollen tones.

"At no time during the entire night did I so much as close an eye, much less sleep. Nor did any of the other survivors. We simply breathed deeply, moved as little as possible, unless to sway or change our grip on those window bars.

"Slowly, the hours of the night passed. There were further shovings, assaults, trampings, and short catches of breath as men took and delivered deadly assaults at short range, against assailants they could feel but scarcely see in the darkness.

"When the first light of morning came, it was like the resurrection. We were almost motionless with wonder at having lived through the night. Early morning is the coldest time of day

in eastern India and conversation picked up as the temperature dropped. Even the light breeze that forced its way past our sweat-stained bodies, was not sufficient to take the heat from the mass of trampled humanity that lay all around us and even under our very own feet. Everyone who survived, felt inextricably involved in murder. Because we had breathed the air that, had it reached some of our comrades farther back, would undoubtedly have sustained them.

"At full light an officer and two guards opened the door and bade us come out. The officer knew some English and, upon looking in, was amazed.

"'Out, out,' he ordered. But fewer than one-sixth of us were alive. I counted all who staggered or were helped out onto the parade ground. Including myself, Mrs. Beemish, the sergeant, one of the tall Sepoys, and Mr. Holwell, there were but 23. Of the bodies that had ceased to know this world there were more than 100."

(EDITOR'S NOTE: That is how Charles Elliott ended his account of the terrors that filled the historic Black Hole of Calcutta. Yet other tortures were to come. The Nawab was convinced the East India Company had a treasure hidden somewhere about the fort or in Calcutta. He ordered Holwell and three others to be heavily chained. Elliott and several others immediately came down with fever. They all were soon covered with boils, and were given only muddy water and rice for sustenance. After more than three weeks, the Nawab, having found no treasure, relented. The remaining prisoners, most of whom were within a week of death, were released.)

News of the tragedy finally reached Madras, and the incident of the Black Hole had its sequel. Colonel Clive of the Company's army came back from England with reinforcements. He raised a native army of 2,000 men, and with 900 regular British troops and eight six-pounder cannon, chased the Nawab and his followers for about a year.

It was June 23, 1757, when Clive met the enemy at Plassey. The Nawab's army numbered 68,000 men with 50 larger cannon. The weather was gloomy, and a heavy mist kept Clive from seeing all that went on. But by attacking fiercely and with the rallying cry of "remember the Black Hole," his small force performed amazingly. The Nawab's Bengalis "failed to display courage or any other soldierly quality," and Colonel Clive defeated a force more than 20 times his own strength. The victory cost Clive 22 men killed and 50 wounded. With this victory Clive destroyed the Nawab's position of strength, and won political and trade control over India for England for the next two centuries. But like most victories, it was spurred by a tragic defeat.)

END

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THE LAST BULLET!

(Continued from page 13)

cover, it's placing your shot that counts, Young. And any man who can't hold steady and shoot where he aims has no business facing the rough ones."

To make matters worse, on our first morning in the jungle, our Moi scouts put us on to a good-sized bull elephant and Stanberry squeezed a bullet into his ear gusset as the tusker leisurely followed his herd across an open table of trahh grass.

Nine feet of elephant toppled like a felled tree.

It was an easy kill. Too easy. It made Stanberry cockier than ever.

"You've got an old-fashioned mental block about needing an artillery-caliber gun for the big fellows," he chided, glancing at my big .465 double.

He slapped his .270. "Who the hell needs a cannon... even for elephant?"

I tried a chuckle that didn't quite come off. "Famous last words," I warned.

Back in camp in late afternoon, we found that two water-carriers had spotted several sambar moving through a nearby pass toward the river that lay a short distance to the west. When the natives assured us there was a prize set of antlers in the group, Stanberry got the trigger fever with an eager impatience to get a shot at the buck when he came to water at sundown.

I grabbed my .30-'06 deer rifle and stuffed some extra cartridges into my pocket. Stanberry insisted on sticking with his .270.

"I want to show you what this baby will do to a buck's anatomy," he said.

He had a one-track mind. He was determined to shove his high-velocity, small-caliber philosophy down my throat and make me eat it. With the sun already behind the distant peaks, I didn't bother arguing.

Jok, my head tracker, and a local Moi guide led us across the hills and we came out along a brushy terrace that belted the west slope of a timbered hill above the river flats. It was a perfect spot from where to watch the shallow ford below.

On the river side, a rocky, brush-rimmed ravine dropped away in front

of us to a depth of some 15 feet; the opposite bank, five or six feet below the level of the terrace. We could peer out through the scrub and survey the whole flat below. The belling of a sambar in the middle distance told us our quarry was already moving down to the river.

In back of us, a small, crescent-shaped burn, stippled with charred saplings and brush, scored the hillside for some 40 yards up the slope. Above that, the forest began again, dense with undergrowth. We settled down to wait. The light faded as three muntjac deer, a binturong and lesser game came to the river and drank, then drifted back to the jungle. A slight curl of warm air was floating up the ravine and across the terrace. . . .

I heard brush rattle far up in the woods behind us. I came to my feet instinctively, half-expecting to see a deer or wild pig crossing the slope on his way to water. But before I could scan the brushy cover beyond the burn, Jok's voice brought me swinging back toward the river.

A half-dozen deer were moving across the grassy river bottom. And one of them was a big sambar buck with a set of three-pointed antlers fit for a maharajah's trophy wall. Stanberry was there beside me, a hoarse squeal of pleasure bubbling from his throat.

"Watch me clobber that beauty," he said confidently.

He brought his rifle up, arm laced through the sling, and canted his cheek against the gunstock. I waited as the sambar stopped at water's edge, head lifted high for a moment. Stanberry started his squeeze...

Then three things happened in rapid succession.

Stanberry fired. The buck slammed over sideways as if struck by lightning. And a whooshing snort like the blast of an engine exhaust ripped the air from upslope.

Whirling, I heard brush crashing above the burn, saw foliage moving. Stanberry had turned, too, jacking a fresh cartridge forward. The rattle of brush moved toward us. I caught a vague black shadow, the sound of heavy feet moving a ponderous weight down the hill.

A massive black form bulged from the bushes and stopped. My stomach muscles crawled and tightened.

"My God!" I gasped, bringing my rifle up. "A seladang!"

The huge hump-shouldered bison stood watching us, half in and half out of the brush, his spreading black-tipped horns glistening like sword points. I cursed my failure to bring a big-caliber for just such emergencies. You go hunting for one thing and you run into the unexpected. That's the jungle. I still didn't trust Stanberry's .270 on such dangerous game, and my own .30-'06 with its standard load felt like a pop-gun in my hands. I had the Springfield shouldered, but I held fire, hoping the giant beast would turn back into the jungle and leave us alone.

"Wait," I whispered, holding my gun steady.

I watched the bulking wild ox there in the growing dusk, his white-capped head swinging slowly back and forth. The biggest horned animal on earth, topping the Cape buff by a full foot, the seladang, especially the solitary jungle bull, is my nomination for the world's most dangerous big game. And this tremendous bull was as tall as a tall man at the great humped shoulders. My pulses were beating like Moi tom-toms as I watched the hate-filled blue eyes studying us, muffled snorts erupting from the whitish muzzle.

But Fred Stanberry wasn't the waiting kind. He was the one-shot king of the Great White Shikaris, and seladang was on his trophy list. His gun roared.

I saw the huge gaur rock backward with a deep-throated bellow. He bucked once, then whirled with the speed of a polo pony, scrabbling on the slope for footing.

I fired as he pivoted on a dime, hoping to break a leg with my deer load, and heard Stanberry shoot again. Both bullets whumped solidly into shoulder and flank, but the seladang was already plunging back into high brush, venting his rage and pain with an ear-splitting roar.

A second later, there was the thud of a heavy body going down, followed

by a wild thrashing in the undergrowth. Stanberry gave an excited yell.

"He's down!" he blurted and started up the slope.

"Goddammit, wait!" I grabbed him by the jacket and pulled him back. He scalded me with a hot glare.

"I tell you I clobbered him, Dick. You heard him go down!"

"You don't take chances with this devil," I growled. "He makes an Indian water buff look like a domestic cow."

The kicking noises in the brush stopped. I stood peering toward the spot where the seladang had disappeared.

Silence. Eerie and unnerving.

The Moi guides slid up to either side of us, their hunting spears thrust forward, and I could sense the tautness in their reddish-brown bodies. We waited for several minutes and there was only the trilling of a bird, the faint rustling of foliage which might have been made by the wind or jungle rodents.

Maybe Stanberry had killed the giant bull and, again, maybe he had only stunned him. I had to be sure.

More than once I had faced the incredible fury and cunning of a wounded seladang—but on those occasions I had held a double-barreled elephant rifle in my hands. Normally I would have waited a half-hour to make certain of the kill. But the light was fading fast and the thought of being caught out there in darkness with a wounded seladang on our hands gave me cold chills. I decided to compromise.

"We'll wait 10 minutes," I said, "and then—"

The silence erupted into thundering fury—but not from above us.

Straight across to the right less than 60 yards along the terrace, something came bulldozing through the scrub like a red-ball express behind schedule. I chilled inwardly at the flicking realization of how the wounded beast had come to his feet and circled clear around the burn and down the hill to flank us. But there was no time for thought.

I was trying frantically to find a shot, but I could not make out a clear outline as the black monster boomed through the man-high cover. In desperation, I pulled on to what I guessed was the shoulder—and stopped.

Stanberry had moved forward between me and the rocketing shadow. He fired.

The seladang shuddered as he broke into thinning brush less than 50 yards away. He stumbled against bushes, recovered and came rolling and rocking with a raging bellow that sent the Mois bolting to the lip of the ravine. I leaped to the left and blasted the animal in the shoulder.

He didn't even waver. He seemed to bulge larger with each rocking jump.

Stanberry fired again.

The bull stumbled, not 20 yards away, and skidded into the scrub, his

muzzle digging into turf. I fired at the massive chest and heard Stanberry's gun speak again. The kill-hungry animal fought his way to his feet and rushed forward with the awesome power of a tidal wave.

And then it was too late to stand our ground.

"The gully!" I yelled. "Run!"

I half-grabbed Stanberry and shoved him ahead of me through the thorny scrub and down the almost-sheer side of the ravine. The Mois were already sliding ahead of us, clinging to rocky outcrops to break their descent.

The next moments are like snatches from a madman's nightmare.

As I hit the bottom of the gully, I heard the Mois upslope scream a warning. I looked up and froze.

The enormous bull was coming over the bush-rimmed top of the ravine on his haunches, huge hoofs digging into the rocky earth.

"God Almighty, Stanberry!" I screamed, jerking my own gun up. "Shoot!"

Stanberry shot from the right of me. Over my sights, I saw the bullet send blood spurting from the broad chest. But it was like throwing rocks at a landslide. The bull was hurtling down the steep slope with the ragged speed of a driverless truck. I fired once for the white-capped forehead as the great form loomed, broad as a house, above me.

Then I whirled downslope between the enclosing walls.

"Run, Fred, run!" I roared, waving him ahead of me.

We were stumbling down the rocky cut when I heard the seladang hit the bottom of the depression. I turned in panic, working the bolt as the black brute slammed into the opposite wall. I aimed hurriedly, still trying to break a leg with my last shot.

Things were happening in shattered split-seconds. The bull wheeled with the blast, taking the bullet in the flank. But instead of charging me, he turned up the ravine after the Mois.

I watched in horror as the last Moi ran a dozen feet, then spun around, his lance lifted high. With a muscle-bulging heave, he sent his spear thrusting into the rib-cage behind the animal's shoulder.

He might as well have been flicking darts at him.

The Moi tried to run, but the head of the onrushing bull had already bobbed low. It came upward in a thrusting sweep of horns.

The Moi's terror-racked scream broke off as if his windpipe had been slashed. I saw him go up and over. He hit the rocky left wall and his guts were already spilling from a gash that opened from groin almost to his chin.

I turned to see Stanberry working his bolt, another clip already shoved in. I grabbed the gun from his hands and thrust my Springfield at him.

"Get out of here!" I ordered and swung the gun around and fired for the rump end of the seladang's spine.

The bull's rear quarters sagged to

the ground. With a hoarse rumble, the bison spun toward me. His hindquarters suddenly straightened and then he charged.

I moved with the bobbing head and pulled the trigger. The seladang bulked before me like a black juggernaut that seemed to fill the whole world. There was no time to work the bolt again.

I turned and ran for my life, looking wildly for a footing in the steep walls.

Stanberry was racing down the cut beyond me. The thud of hoofs was closing from behind. I could almost feel those massive horns stabbing like twin swords into my back. Then I heard a crash of sound close behind me, a deep-throated, raging bellow. Jok's voice from somewhere up the ravine brought me up short.

"He is dead," he said in Moi. "You have killed him."

I looked back in disbelief to see the great bull lying on his right side, kicking feebly, his huge body almost filling the bottom of the ravine. Stanberry and I found a broken slant in the side of the depression and laboriously pulled ourselves up to the rim. We walked up through the brush and met the ashen-faced Moi. The three of us stood on the edge of the ravine and watched the last spark of life running slowly out of the downed seladang.

Even then, in one last effort to get up and kill us, the amazing beast scabbled wildly with his white-stockinged legs. And, miraculously, the frontquarters came up, the hawser-like muscles bulging with strain.

But it was too much. Blood bubbled from the bull's froth-coated muzzle. He fell over sideways, kicking spasmodically for a moment, then gave a mournful bellow and lay still at last. I felt as if I had just had a glimpse of the whites of Saint Peter's eyes.

The dead Moi lay some 20 yards from the seladang, his entrails strewn over the ground like red ribbons. I looked at Stanberry.

He was like a man in a trance. He hunched there over the lip of the depression, face white with shock, his eyes pinned to the dead hulk of the seladang.

So sure, I thought angrily. You were so damned sure of your high-powered pea-shooter. But the anger subsided when I found myself silently thanking the big brash American for sticking with his .270 instead of bringing his deer rifle. Still, I couldn't resist taunting him a little.

"What about your small-caliber magazine piece now, Fred?" I said, edging it with a sharp touch of sarcasm.

He shook his head several times. "My God!" he said over and over. "My God, Young! It happened so fast. All that lead and he still kept coming!"

I looked back at the sprawled animal, and the knowledge that pure, unadulterated luck had kept Stanberry and me from being down there with

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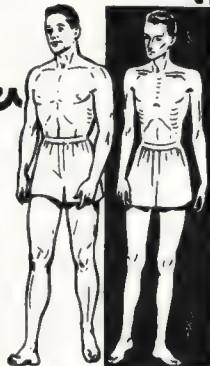


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the dead Moi made me tremble slightly. With that massive head bobbing at me from five yards away, I had sent my last bullet blasting into the brain. Only I knew what a fluke of a shot it had been.

I could see the jarring surprise in Stanberry's face when, later, the Mois skinned the seladang and found a big chunk of the forest giant's heart shattered. And it could not have come from either of those last two desperate bullets!

The last I heard of Fred Stanberry, he was still using the .270—on medium game and for open, long-range shots at the bigger stuff where he could use a scope. But for hunting the real giants in deep jungle, he had switched to a .600 double-barreled Cordite Express, with a .500 double for a second gun. Seems he learned something.

And me... I don't even go shooting jungle fowl for the camp pot without my big .465 double-barrel along—just in case... **END**



THE DRINK THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

(Continued from page 27)

of tropical countries—or perhaps our own riotous street celebrations on "VJ Day."

The history of mankind could very well be told through the drinks that have shaken the world, changed the destinies of nations, altered national boundaries, brought about the deaths of millions of men on the battlefields and millions of women and children in ravished cities, and created vast fortunes in the hands of professional distillers and vendors of bottled madness.

Take mead. Mead is practically non-existent nowadays, but time was when no Anglo-Saxon would attempt to storm a castle or raid a village without a bellyful of the stuff. It was a brew made from honey, eggs, malt, and as little water as possible. Actually the Saxons brought it with them when they crossed the English Channel and invaded Britain, conquering and then interbreeding with the Angles. It was mead that inspired the ancient bards who sang of deeds of valor at night around the Anglo-Saxons' campfires, thus giving the first shot in the arm, so to speak, to what was to become English literature.

And the Great Crusades. When the knights swarmed out of France and England, Germany and Italy, to cross the Mediterranean Sea and take the Holy Land back from the Saracen, each army of knights brought along its favorite beverage—the French their red wine, the English their mead, the Germans their schnapps, and the Italians their grappa. Thus fueled, they smashed the scimitar-wielding heathen-like battalions of General Sherman tanks rolling across a wheatfield. *It is significant that the Saracen did not take alcoholic drinks!*

And when the English buccaneers overran the Spanish and the French in the Caribbean Sea, wresting their gold-laden ships from them, raiding and burning their colonies, and in general having their own high-handed way, how did they do this? Rum! The English navy and merchant marine, which manned those pirate ships, have always had their daily ration of rum. With rum the English carved out an empire on which even today the sun never sets.

Think of our Indian Wars. French

and English saboteurs, with the help of our own Indian traders, slipped firewater to the redskins, and thus inspired, these aborigines painted their faces, feathered their heads, poisoned their arrows, and went dancing along the warpath, ambushing unwary hunters and trappers, scalping women and children, and setting fire to crops. Without firewater (an early form of bourbon, similar to the bootleg you can buy today in any big-city saloon) the Caughnawauga Mohawks and the peaceful Choctaw would doubtless never have been so foolish as to start tossing tomahawks and yodeling warcries in a war that meant only their own eventual extinction. No one can fight effectively on another man's booze.

It has been said that the zeal which inspired the Old Benedictine monks to build 30,000 monasteries in France during the Middle Ages came from the famous beverage that takes their name. When St. Benedict developed the formula and brewed his first liter of the liqueur we know now as benedictine, he tested it on some pious friends and found that they were strongly inspired to go forth and perform prodigious deeds like building towers, forging church bells and converting the heathen.

The formula for making benedic-

tine was always a closely guarded secret among the monks of St. Benedict until a latter-day brother deserted the order and took the secret formula with him. This is it:

Benedictine

Melisa	50 grains
Alpine genepe	50 "
Root of the esmirnio	50 "
Leaves of the mint	50 "
Aromatic calamus	30 "
Caramon seed	100 "
Small cloves	4 "
Moscada nuts	4 "
Cinnamon	6 "
Flower of the arnica	16 "

(Finely grind all these substances and then let them set 12 days in 4 liters of 190 proof grain alcohol. Distill this mixture after adding 6 liters of pure water. This will yield 8 liters of liquor. Now you add to this distillation a syrup prepared from 8 kilograms of refined cane sugar and 4 liters of pure water. Filter this. It can then be cut to whatever strength is desired, but it is most effective when left at full strength.)

Benedictine, it must be remembered, tends to inspire the user to perform strenuous acts of piety, such as build-



ing stone monasteries, chanting all night, illuminating manuscripts, and ringing two-ton iron bells. In the 12th century, there was no place in all of France where the traveler was out of sound of benedictine bells at matins or at vespers.

The conquering of the savage Sandwich Islands was accomplished by means of a drink that was concocted by the famous explorer, Captain Cook. The Sandwich Islanders, now called Hawaiians, were a tribe of headhunting cannibals. They had effectively caused to disappear from the face of the earth many shiploads of strong seamen. They were the terror of the far from pacific Pacific Ocean.

Okolehao was the answer. Now, Captain Cook and his men fortified themselves on rum, as was traditional among England's seafaring men. But the Hawaiians fortified themselves on *kava*, which is non-alcoholic; it is an alkaloid that has a very beneficial effect. Cook tried to get these cannibals to try rum, but they were suspicious, and rightly, for if they had given themselves over to the white man's drink they would have fallen under his magic. They were correct in fearing this, for had they not conquered the entire Hawaiian archipelago on *kava*? Never play another man's game nor drink another man's drink.

Here is where Cook's cleverness and guile showed themselves. He would brew them something alcoholic out of the islands' own foodstuffs. This would give them confidence. Accordingly he had them bring him some roots of the *ki* plant, a small palm-like tree which grows bulbous roots that resemble yams. These the Hawaiians roasted, and when they were succulent and ready to be eaten like the yams they resembled, Captain Cook had his sailors make mash. Into this mash he cleverly slipped some small particles of yeast.

Fermentation works rapidly in the tropics, and by the next day the mash was doing nicely. This the Hawaiians were not afraid to drink. Was it not their own *ki* root? They very rapidly got falling-down drunk on the unfamiliar stuff, whereupon Captain Cook and his men took control of all weapons and held all the women as hostages until agreements were signed in blood—Hawaiian blood, that is.

And that's how *okolehao* (meaning root-of-plant) won the Sandwich Islands for England. They later came into American hands, as we know, which possibly demonstrates the superiority of American bourbon over British rum.

Aside from our own pioneers' winning of the West by feeding firewater to the Indians, thus severely shaking the world of the red man, drink profoundly shook the American world of the 1920's. When the prohibition of the manufacture, sale, possession, or use of spirituous beverages was made a part of our Constitution at the ratification by $\frac{3}{4}$ of the states, the life of our nation underwent a profound change, dating from January 16, 1920,

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THOSE STRANGE INNER URGES

You have heard the phrase, "Laugh, clown, laugh." Well, that fits me perfectly. I'd fret, worry and try to reason my way out of difficulties—all to no avail; then I'd have a hunch, a something within that would tell me to do a certain thing. I'd laugh it off with a shrug. I knew too much, I thought, to heed these impressions. Well, it's different now—I've learned to use this inner power and I no longer make the mistakes I did, because I do the right thing at the right time.

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learn to direct this inner voice, master it if I could. Finally, I wrote to the Rosicrucians, a world-wide fraternity of progressive men and women, who offered to send me, without obligation, a free book entitled *The Mastery of Life*.

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to Repeal under President Roosevelt in December 1933.

That prohibition was perpetrated upon the people by a gang of one-track-minded party-poopers was clearly demonstrated by the rapid growth of a great new industry: bootlegging.

Al Capone organized the bootlegging industry so thoroughly that by 1927 Scarface Al's gang had an annual income of \$60,000,000 from wholesaling illicit beer and booze, not to mention another \$25,000,000 from gambling establishments (where he pushed his hooch) and some \$10,000,000 from speakeasies and roadhouses, where liquid gas was the specialty of the house.

The prohibition against liquor, in this case, might be said to have rocked and shocked our world as profoundly as any war has ever done. But it was actually not prohibition that did this, rather the people's irresistible desire for their favorite anesthesia.

Gin was the most popular illegal drink during prohibition. It was made every which way. Most commonly, one simply bought some straight alcohol from the bootlegger, who also handled items like essence of juniper berries for flavoring. To a gallon of straight alky, you add one pint of glycerine (for smoothness), three ounces of essence of juniper, and then cut to desired strength, usually by adding an amount of water almost equal to the mixture at hand.

But that is the formula for common run-of-the-mill gin. If you want good gin, that takes a little doing. Here's how it is done:

STRONG GIN

190 proof of grain alcohol	320 liters
Refined turpentine	1/4 liters
Essence of juniper	90 grams
Creosote	3 1/2 grams
Juice oranges	9 big ones
Persian limes	9 big ones
Distilled water	140 liters

(Mash all solids and mix with the liquids, then allow to set about 8 days, after which distill until you obtain about 400 liters. The turpentine and creosote must be of highest quality as used by pharmacists in preparing medicines.)

Historians have often remarked on Hannibal's elephants, which he took with him when he set out to cross the Alps and invade Rome from the north, thus making a surprise sneak attack. But no historian to date has ever paused to wonder why Hannibal took elephants with him. As engines of war they were of little use against the giant catapults of the Roman legions. The fact is that these great beasts were used to carry burdens—but what burdens did Hannibal have to carry with him that necessitated the use of elephants? There were no cannon in those times. His troops were all foot soldiers. He was certainly not bearing gifts to Rome. What then?

Those elephants bore giant casks of a special brew without which his troops would not have taken one step Rome-wards. The formula was lost when the Romans destroyed Carthage. It is said that the basic ingredient of this beverage was fermented blood; the Romans claimed it was human blood.

When Attila, the Hun, rose out of the steppes of Asia and overran half the known world with his hordes of hard-riding swordsmen and bowmen, he shook the world from the Gobi Desert to the gates of Vienna. He did it on Kvass, fermented mare's milk. It's a nasty drink and tastes rather like vomit, but the Huns loved it.

Each Hun carried two goatskin bags slung over his back. In one he had a supply of mare's milk fermenting; in the other he carried the already fermented stuff, from which he drank from time to time as he rode across the plains, forded rivers, smashed cities, slaughtered men and animals right and left.

These Huns were always loaded on the stuff, and all you had to do to prod them to insane fury was puncture their bags of kvass with a well placed arrow. Few men ever did that and lived to tell about it.

There are two drinks in Mexico that have made history: *pulque* and *mezcal* (tequila being a recent innovation). *Pulque* is a slight fermentation of the thick, milky juice of the *maguey*, which is a cactus-like plant that looks something like a giant artichoke. *Mezcal* is a high-potency distillation of a mash that is made from the heart of the *mezcal*, a plant which resembles the *maguey*.

Mezcal might be said to have conquered Mexico for the Aztecs, a tribe of Indians from the south who subdued all the other tribes of the central plateau of Mexico and enslaved them. The Aztecs were shrewd. They knew about *pulque*, and they gave this knowledge to their subject peoples. Why? Well, *pulque* has a horrible effect on its user. The *pulquero* grows weak and sick, his hands and legs tremble, his stomach cannot hold food unless he has had his *pulque*. His eyes become bleary, his lips thicken and drool, and he stinks so much that only other *pulqueros* can tolerate him. But he will work for any man who pays him enough money to buy *pulque* at the end of the day. It is an addiction worse than morphinism. A *pulquero* must take several quarts of the brew to kill his pain. The more he takes, the worse his hangover next day.

At the end of each day's work, the Aztec masters doled out the *pulque* to their slaves while the Aztecs themselves relaxed of an evening with a gourd of *mezcal*, a high-powered drink that can be taken in moderate quantities and still give you a boot.

And so by the sagacious use of *pulque* the Aztecs conquered and enslaved the Toltecs, Chichimecs, Jaronchos, Tarascans, and many other tribes. *Pulque* is still the national

drink of the Mexican peon, and the *pulque* manufacturers are still getting rich off this brand of rotgut.

The word assassin comes from the Arabic word *hashasheem*, which means people who use *hasheesh*. Now *hasheesh* is derived from a weed-like plant whose scientific name is *cannabis indica sativa*. It can be smoked, eaten in confections such as *majoon* (an Oriental candy) or drunk as an infusion, a tea.

As a drink it was first prepared by an old scoundrel who was known as the Old Man of the Mountain, a contemporary of the famous Persian poet-astronomer Omar Khayyam. The Old Man was politically ambitious, and his political weapon was assassination. For this purpose he employed a number of cut-throats, whom he rewarded for their gory services with an infusion, or tea, made from *hasheesh*—which is how his paid killers came to be known as *hashasheem*: assassins. Thus by the ingenious use of this drink, the Old Man of the Mountain profoundly shook the Persian world and affected the course of history.

It is significant that the Old Man of the Mountain did not feed the tea to his assassins before sending them out on their night's grisly work, for he knew well that no man will commit murder while under the influence of *hasheesh*, provided he has not also been drinking alcoholic brews. No, the Old Man fed the tea to his cutthroats after they had done their work, and the effect of the tea was so delightful that these ignorant and superstitious fellows thought he had by some magical means transported them directly into the Mohammedan Paradise while still alive and kicking.

When they were *hasheesh bezet*, meaning "real gone," he brought lovely girls to them, and then they learned why Moslems believe that in Paradise they will experience the 1,000 year orgasm. The time-sense is profoundly altered through the gentle influence of *cannabis*.

A drink that once shook the literary world was *laudanum*—a tincture of opium. (This is a narcotic and can be very harmful if used unwisely.) Thomas De Quincey used it, as did Charles Baudelaire. In America the most noteworthy literary user of laudanum was Edgar Allan Poe, and some of his best loved poetry was inspired by the spirit of opium; his effect on subsequent literature was admittedly tremendous.

A drink that shook the old world of the American South was bourbon—not as drunk by General Robert E. Lee, however, or by Jeff Davis, but by General Ulysses S. Grant. Grant was a popular and successful military leader, and therefore he had many envious detractors. When some of his jealous enemies attacked his character one evening at a White House supper, informing President Lincoln that his chief general kept a barrel of bourbon in his tent, Honest Abe looked with scathing contempt upon these small-

minded persons, and turning to his secretary, said, "Please remind me in the morning to have a hogshead of the best bourbon sent to each of my generals." Grant had that very day taken the City of Richmond.

During the last century, rum played a powerful role in shaping the destinies of millions of men in the Americas and in Africa. Old Cape Cod captains sailed their barkentines and schooners out of Boston with shiploads of manufactured products for the African coast, where they traded these items (mostly gun) to Arab chieftains in exchange for Negro slaves. Now, slaves were no longer being imported to the U.S., and slavery itself was shortly to be abolished—at least on the statute books—so these proper Bostonians shipped their black cargoes to the West Indies, where human flesh was bartered for rum at an exchange rate of about one pound of Negro for one quart of the West Indies' best brand of rum, made by a man named McCoy. (There were many imitators of this famous old rum, which is how we get the expression "the real McCoy.") The rum was then brought back to Boston, where it was sold at a handsome profit, with which the old skippers bought more guns to trade with the Arabs. Thus rum played a major role in the prosperity of the Carib islands and the rising fortunes of some of Boston's solidest old families.

Whenever one of the aforementioned Cape Cod skippers was called to account by some moralizing mossback who demanded to know by what right he traded in human flesh—and for rum, mind you!—the Bostonian somewhat replied: "Sir, have you ever tasted the real McCoy?"

This was indeed a drink that shook the world, or at any rate a large portion of it, and the recipe for the McCoy—the real McCoy—is worth knowing. (The author got this one from a Jamaican cane planter named McCoy.)

The REAL McCoy

Purple figs, dried.....	90 parts
Black raisins	30 "
Dried peppercorns	1 "
Dried saffron	1/4 "
190 proof cane alcohol	1,000 "

(First wash the figs and raisins in water, then grind them into a paste. Add the other solids, mixing well into the paste. Put the paste into a large wineskin, of calf leather, that has been very recently cured and has never been used; add the 190 proof cane sugar alcohol and agitate until contents of the skin are well mixed. Continue to agitate twice weekly, a few minutes at a time, for one month. The temperature of the room should run between 80 and 90 degrees Fahrenheit; the humidity should be high. Meanwhile marinate 30 parts of dried laurel leaves in 50 parts of ether. At the end of the month, add the ether-laurel mixture to

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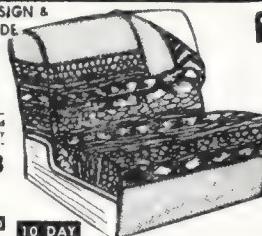
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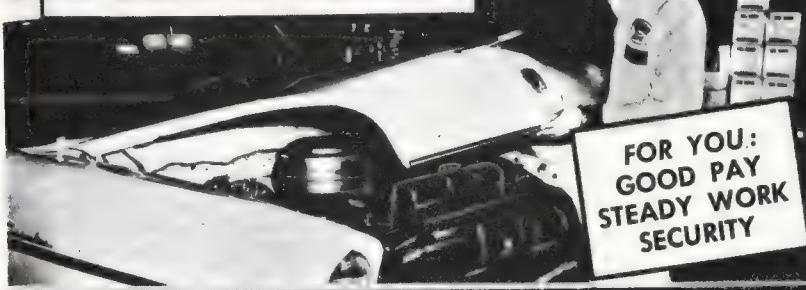
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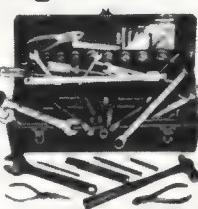
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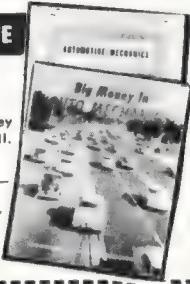
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the contents of the skin, mixing well. Then filter. To the filtrate, add caramel syrup (burnt cane sugar) to color. Wash wineskin. Return filtrate to skin and let it lay another month. Now it's ready.

Every step in that process is important to the making of the real McCoy. The freshly cured leather is perhaps most important of all. It was rumored by his competitors that the original McCoy (the real one) used the hides of Negro slaves for this purpose, but that is doubtful, as they would probably not give the rum the distinctive flavor which you get from freshly cured calf leather.

A harmless and rather insipid drink that shook the world back in 1776 was of course, tea. When gangs of toughs, hired by Boston tea importers, dumped shiploads of the stuff into the harbor—because the Boston businessmen didn't like His Majesty's tax and wanted to do their own independent importing—the Seven Years' War was started, and this shook the private worlds of thousands of colonials.

Volumes could be written on the many ways in which certain commoner beverages have shaken their share of the world at one time or another. Red wine is part of the French workingman's breakfast, lunch, and supper; it is his refreshment between meals. If he doesn't get it, he will raise hell. When a recent French premier, name of Mendes-France, undertook to cut back the supply of red wine (*nom d'un chien!*), take it away from the army altogether (*salaud!*) and, *s'il vous plaît*, substitute milk (*espece de putain!*), the French very quickly gave that premier his walking papers. It is hard to say how much world-shaking wine did on that occasion, but probably quite a lot, seeing that aside from being a milk-man, Mendes-France was a pretty liberal sort of fellow and might have done France a lot of good otherwise.

At least one battle of the South Pacific campaigns was won because of sake, which is the Japanese equivalent of gin. During that island-hopping war, Marine Corps Combat Intelligence reported that at a certain point behind Jap lines there was a cache of sake—maybe 100 cases of the stuff. Those Nips never knew what hit them. Their lines were breached within 20 minutes; they were routed. A whole battalion of Marines got swacked on warm sake and proceeded to mop up the rest of the island before hitting the sack for the night. Only the top brass knew how deeply the world of the last war was shaken by this incident on a little atoll out in the middle of nowhere.

A certain brand of cognac is advertised as "The Brandy of Napoleon." If it is true that Old Boney actually drank this stuff, he showed good taste. But one can only speculate on what the outcome of Waterloo might have

been had he been a teetotaler instead. If Grant won battles on bourbon, did the Corsican lose wars on cognac?

Without a bellyful of that fine Muenchener beer, Hitler's Brown Shirt bullyboys would never have had the guts to storm out into the streets and murder innocent bystanders. One hell of a lot of world-shaking was done on the world's best malt beverage.

Now, the basis of most of the many drinks that have shaken the world is alcohol. With a little alcohol to start with, you can make quite a lot of different beverages. Alcohol is easy to make. You need a big crockery jar. A mixture of corn (fresh corn chopped up) and sugar with pure water will work up into a ferment, and after about a month of fermentation, you can distill it. (Proportions: 1 part fresh chopped corn, 1 part sugar, 10 parts pure water.) Glass or copper are best for making distilling apparatus; other materials might harm the alcohol. With this alcohol you can start making any number of liqueurs and liquors.

Of course, in all these matters you have to stay on the right side of the law; just make sure it ain't illegal. The fact that your corner saloon is selling you bootleg liquor, according to U.S. official reports, doesn't justify you in playing fast and loose with the boys in blue. Just remember: they outnumber you.

And don't attempt drinking straight alky unless you're prepared to have your own world severely shaken. END



SEX TRAP ON SAN ITO

(Continued from page 15)

least. I know. I was the Doane's gunnery officer and I always wore binoculars in those days.

The Doane, in company with five Dutch, Australian, British and Free French auxiliaries, operated in a large, well concealed harbor east of Sarawak. Here we fueled, took on ammunition and returned with Allied survivors of torpedoings whenever we found them. It was like Midway and a lot of other all-male hells. Nothing; a real nothing place—palms, working parties and an occasional warm beer. So, any time our orders read steam by Ito and clobber "point this," we did it willingly, happily, because even at long range it was paradise discovered. After all, starving men will eat crumbs.

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WHICH HEAD WAS ONCE BALD?

(SEE PAGE 69)



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thing happened that disturbed the Allied High Command. There was a sudden movement of occupation troops on the outer Arends Islands, and it was feared that Nippon would then pour in a contingent of troops to thwart U.S. strikes. Sitting in the wardroom with the rest of the *Doane's* off-duty officers, we were told, grinningly, that at last we'd have a chance to see our geisha girls at arm's length. Closer, in fact, if time permitted. The *Doane* fairly rolled over on her ends from the hullabaloo.

"But it's not as simple as it sounds—" Captain Louis Redmond stared around the table. "In the month or so that we've been back, San Ito has been very much in the Japanese limelight—"

"Meaning?" I said.

"Meaning, Mr. MacDowell and the rest of you frustrated lovers," Redmond squinted, "that it's entirely conceivable that our banished ladies now have company. Intelligence suspects there are troops—construction troops setting down a small strip."

"What?" John Bates, the *Doane's* exec gasped incredulously. "On that splinter of coral!"

"The same," Redmond nodded. "Anyway, let me give you the rest of the picture..."

So it was with far less misgivings than Redmond imagined we'd have, that the *Doane's* wardroom briefing broke up and the corvette prepared to get underway. As ships went, the *Doane* was something of a relic among corvettes. In her five years of existence, the auxiliary had seen duty everywhere, and she looked it. We made a reasonable effort to keep her steel chipped and painted, but being almost constantly at sea our efforts gave her something less than beauty. She was, in fact, 293 feet of saggy bucket with a washboard bow and a stack about 12 degrees out of line. We called her *The Desperate "D"*, and that was no misnomer, either. She was truly an aging lady except for her guns (four 6 inch turrets and three 40MM quads) and her crew, both of which functioned properly when called upon.

On the second of April, the *Doane*, running down the southeast coast of Borneo—hiding by day and running by night—ducked into a small bay off Pelathari, 24 hours from our destination. It was then that Captain Redmond broke open a second sealed envelope and detailed our mission.

"Sorry, gents," Redmond said briskly. "It doesn't work out so well after all. Only 10 men to go ashore. Says here—" he tapped the envelope. "That means it's up to *Guns*. Your baby, MacDowell—you pick the men—"

"Don't we shoot up the strip?" Bates queried. "And what about the geishas?"

Redmond shrugged. "Nothing about shooting up the strip. MacDowell goes in, secures the radio station and returns in 40 minutes."

"Lucky bastard!" Elmont Crisp, Engineering Officer snorted. "All those gorgeous naked—"

"Mr. Crisp!" Redmond said softly. "Forty minutes isn't much time even for an officer—"

Morale took a nosedive aboard the Doane, understandably. Other than a radioman and quartermaster, I required only seven men, and these, necessarily, would be men of my own immediate province. Gunners. I went around the ship consoling the heart broken—and that's all I did there for a while.

"Mr. MacDowall," one of the crew grabbed me. "Pu-lease, sir! If you could possibly bring back a few souvenirs! Puh-lease, sir, Mac! Just a handful. We'll stow 'em down here in the crew quarters..."

On the morning of the third, the Doane made a fast swing of the astrol, guns manned, ready to fire, but as before we saw only the geishas and a couple of radiomen from the tower. The men fled upbeach but the girls remained prancing on the sand, yelling and waving to us. The Doane headed off for the safety of the islands, while the Jap radiomen hit for their transmitters to crackle an alert.

"If there's a strip there," I told the Captain, "it's not made of concrete—"

"That," he grinned, "is something you'll have to find out for yourself!"

By 1600 we were tucked under camouflage, several islands away, having deftly eluded three land based bombers from the Nip installation at Djakarta. At that time I and the rest of my chosen people were ordered to sack out. Six hours worth. We did but it wasn't easy, for deep down there wasn't one of us that felt San Ito was pure gravy. There were men, too—enough men to kill a few of us on that tempting lump of coral. Maybe all of us...

"Y'know," Robby Phelps, our master gunner, yawned. "Maybe them geishas are there for a reason. A trap, maybe—"

"Naw! You've got it wrong Phelps—" Bill Leighton, the SM grinned. "They've either got a social disease or leprosy!"

The banter kept us a while until the pharmacist's sleeping pills put us all under. After that it didn't matter whether it was a trap, a Nip bordello or a picnic. We all slept like the dead.

At 0005, the Doane's position was one half mile below the San Ito lagoon. She was blacked out, wallowing in the long, slow rollers off the lagoon. Two rubber rafts were launched and my men, not in black-face, dumped in some incendiaries, two machine guns and a walkie-talkie. Then I got my last minute instructions from the Captain.

"You've got 40 minutes, Mac," he nodded. "That's not much time, admitted. But as intelligence sees it, it's enough time to check on the strip, silence that radio station and squeeze a few fannies. If you're not back on the beach working that blinker tube,

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"Precisely."

"Shove off," he said curtly, flashing a grin. "Squeeze one for me, Mac—" "Souvenirs permitted, Captain?"

"Only for purposes of interrogation," he chuckled. "God help the poor girl!"

We made the beach quickly, hunched down, paddling evenly. A half mile in 10 minutes, going with the tide. Then, beaching the boats, I posted one sailor with a Sten to guard them and the balance of the landing party surged ahead. It was a clear, warm night, and after all our previous trips around San Ito, finding the tower and several small huts was really like walking in our own backyards.

Previously rehearsed, each man knew exactly where to go and what to do. Five would take the tower; four would invade the "barracks," and on the swing back we'd have a whack at the airstrip—presuming there was actually something to whack.

Silently, we cut through the fringing palms and up a shell trail inland. The tower was directly ahead, framed in silver moonlight. I kept staring at the moon, wondering why they picked a clear night for this sortie. And I suppose every other man wondered the same thing. We nudged up as far as an outhouse 200 feet below the settlement and stopped. There I split the party, the invading quintet under Master Gunner Phelps, the radio station quartet under me. I had the SM, Leighton, Rooster Jansen, a petty officer and Jake O'Rourke, the demmo expert.

"Phelps," I whispered, "take out that barracks when you hear me whistle. Not before. No shooting unless necessary, check?"

"Roger!" the Gunner grinned. "Do I look like the kind who'd murder a woman?"

"Let's go!" I hissed. My deadline was 0045; it was then 0022. "Ten minutes should do it—let's go!"

The five under Phelps snaked left, through the underbrush toward three lamp-lighted frond hutsches. I moved my men right, ahead, to the base of the tower. I was sweating down to my toes, the .45 clammy in my fist, my throat dry as a salt biscuit.

O'Rourke's 20 pound package was concentrated torpex, plus a booster. Concentrated hell, specially prepared for fast moving landing parties! He held it in both arms like a frightened mother holding an infant. He was only a kid—this O'Rourke—but a better demmo man the Anzacs never had.

"Mac!" Jansen tapped my arm. "Business!"

The Jap was sitting in the open doorway, smoking a cigarette. Below, electric lights played on four people sitting at a table. Two men, two women. Then coming up behind the man in the door was the silhouetted figure of a nude. She squatted behind the doorman, clapping both hands to his

*References: Taken from the published research papers on the growth of hair caused by these ingredients—quotations with exact page references from *Physiological Reviews*, *Science*, *Journal of Biological Chemistry* and other scientific publications will be sent free if requested, along with further suggestions for care of hair. Or if you prefer that all mention of the hair-stimulating qualities of these vitamin-plus capsules be omitted from the package, please so indicate.

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eyes, in a playful "guess-who" style.

"That's for me!" Leighton moaned.
"I'll kill her with kindness—"

We inched up to within five yards, and fanned out. The girl retreated, and Leighton moved left while I moved right. I could practically touch the Jap then. He was a short, squat man about 30, powerfully built. I wondered how powerfully. I crouched in the blackness two arm-lengths from him and when Leighton chucked a pebble on his side the Jap turned his head.

Instantly, I rammed up my right hand, cupping his mouth, the gun hot and hard against the base of his skull. Soundlessly, he slumped in my arms. I felt my men behind me. Then with the doorway free, I whistled. Once. Low and long, and the Nip defenders never really knew what hit them.

"Banzai!" Jansen roared, bringing down his piece, ploughing in behind me as the three of us rushed in. At the table the quartet broke up, shrieking, the defenders stabbing at stacked rifles. My .45 whipsawed orange between the two men, dropping one, Jansen dropping the other. But it was the women who surprised us then. Instead of reception, three nude, fantastically built pleasure ladies churned across the floor firing .25s.

"Duck!" I screamed as bullets began thudding into the casement behind us. Jansen moaned, crashing down the steps, his lethal bundle bouncing crazily. I shot the nearest screaming nude without a twinge of conscience, grabbed the bouncing charge and streaked for the transmitter.

I didn't feel the bullet. It ploughed a furrow through the top of my scalp and I felt only a hot warmth seeping down the bridge of my nose.

Outside, in the living quarters, there was more gunfire. A lot of it, but I heard it only vaguely. Behind me, Jansen was stretched out blood pouring from his mouth, yelling for me to hold up.

"Let me, Mr. Mac!" he moaned, his voice a bare whisper under the shooting melee that was still going on. I twisted away, rolling over on my back, staring at the sole living defender of the tower. She was about 20, slim, wild-eyed and magnificently built. She leaped over the bodies of her playmates, shoved a .25 handgun under her chin and fired. The top of her head was plastered to the ceiling, a grotesque thing that dropped blood and chunks of hairy scalp as I crawled away.

"Get Jansen!" I moaned as Phelps and seaman Pritchie barged in. "I'm going to pass out—"

They hovered over me, two vague figures, staring at Jansen and at me. I heard the demmo man bawl something and felt my companions lifting me. Then, as abruptly, the vagueness cleared for a few minutes.

"My God!" Pritchie groaned. "The same here! We had to kill 'em, Mr. MacDowell. They got Blue, Edwards

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and McPherson. It was plain Hell."

"Where's Jansen?" I groaned, feeling the air as they dragged me away. "Did you get Jansen?"

"No, sir. They did!" the gunner snarled. "He set the fuse. Let's get the hell away—"

I rubbed the blood from my eyes and, supported by the two, began stumbling toward the supposed strip. I got halfway there when I passed out. My head felt like layers of black quilting were being pressed into the wet hole along my right temple, and when I came to it felt worse. I was sitting up, vomiting my guts out, and three men were shoving off one rubber boat.

"You're okay now, Mr. Mac!" Phelps grunted, sitting me up. "You missed the best part of it. Take a look behind you—"

All I saw was a spiraling tongue of flame shooting into the mackerel sky. Jansen's work, the transmitter! I'd even missed the detonation! Franti-

cally, I pawed at my wrist watch.

"It's okay, Mr. Mac!" Phelps soothed. "We've still got four minutes. The Doane's right ahead—"

I lay back in my own blood and bile, too weak to think. Even after we bumped hard, even after they lifted me out, I still couldn't think. The whole San Ito operation made no sense but for that damned transmitter. Later I got the truth about that.

Much later, near the close of the war, a captured Japanese document told how the considerate Nips peopled certain "watchtower" islands with sirens and a few bogus radiomen. Suicide squads, landbound Kamikazes, as it were. And we of the Doane had gotten Kamikazied good! Four of ten had not returned. In self-defense, Phelps' party had machine gunned the girl fanatics of the barracks. Strictly in self defense, and I'll swear to it! War is hell like the man said. I ought to know. I got a haircut from the prettiest geisha on San Ito. END



I BOSS THE HIGHWAY TO HELL

(Continued from page 35)

San Francisco. Many find death.

It's probably one of the best engineered highways in all America. And maybe that's the trouble. The average motorist—even an occasional old-hand trucker—misjudges the dangerous sweeping curves. Its wide shoulders, four lanes, asphalt divider and smooth surface often lull the unwary into a false security. Somehow that grade doesn't look like the 7 per cent downhill run it is.

In the old days, before the expressway was blasted and dozered through the Tehachapi mountains, the road was tortuous, its reputation justly infamous.

I know. As a kid I wrestled plenty of trucks Frisco to LA, nursed them the 32-miles upgrade from Bakersfield to Tejon Pass, then nudged into gear for the 30-mile descent to Castaic, where the road finally leveled out.

Cresting at Violin Summit—that's where Five Mile begins—I was doubly cautious. In those days you drove scared...plenty scared. Maybe that's why there were fewer accidents, fewer mangled bodies along the Ridge Route than nowadays.

There's more traffic now, of course.

But proportionally, more accidents too. Trouble is, not enough of us drive scared.

I boss that deadly five miles . . . and the road both above and below it. Sometimes, pulling pieces of people out from under crushed cars, prying a mass of gore from beneath a truck's cab or picking up what once was living flesh, I get to wondering: can engineering, good as it is, ever second-guess human and mechanical failure?

When I hear them call Five Mile Grade the "most dangerous five miles in America," I'm even more convinced that it takes more than engineers, more than the dozen men we've got patrolling that grade, to turn our highways safe and sane.

It's times like that—when I tire trying to figure why people die on the Grade—that I look at the big wall map hanging in my office. Along that five miles of sudden death are bunched pins—a harrowing cluster of them.

Black-headed pins along the 40 miles from Castaic to Tejon Pass, most of them concentrated along Five Mile Grade, mark the 237 accidents in 1954 . . . the 290 smash-ups in 1955. But the shocker comes when you notice the striped-headed "fatal" pins: the 15 in 1954, and 12 in 1955, the 11 during the first six months of 1956. And for every one there's a saga of terror . . . of brakes afire . . . of motorists spinning out of control . . . of big-rigs screaming thru the night.

I stand there counting the pins. I shake my head and turn away shuddering. By all odds it should be one of the "safest" stretches of expressway in America . . . its four lanes divided by a four-foot wide barrier of asphalt . . . its shoulders hard and treadable . . . its lanes striped white and clear . . . a dozen warning signs telling truckers to use low gear, cautioning motorists to watch for slow-moving trucks. Yet death rules that segment of down-

grade. She rules with a deadly power. And when Death strikes, it strikes with terrible suddenness.

It was just before dawn, July 18, 1956, when a trucker, grinding upgrade, saw the lethal sweep of a warning spotlight. Ahead, hurtling thru the night, a big-rig was loose, like a savage beast running amuck.

The northbound trucker braked hard, pulled his rig to the shoulder. Stunned, hands tight on the wheel, he braced himself, a prayer on his lips, "Make it, buddy, make it!"

Then, like something out of a horror movie, the runaway was upon him. The onrushing monster loomed out of the night, its spotlight glaring, the rig all but outracing its own warning light, thundering downhill at more than 100 mph. Its driver—in those last lethal moments—had climbed from the cab and was perched on the running board, guiding his truck with one hand.

"He's not trying to save himself. He's not trying to make the curve!" the watching trucker gasped.

No, 29-year old Herbert Francis Hayes wasn't figuring to save himself... only to get his rig off the highway, out of the way, before it turned killer.

The rig leaped the divider. Shuddering, it bounced twice. Then, in a shredding crescendo of steel and glass, it plowed over the bank, hurtling 324 feet below. With grinding impact, the load of 40,000 pounds of rolled copper cable crushed forward, pancaking the cab.

We worked two hours with torch and shovel getting what was left of Herbert Hayes out of the mangled heap.

Hayes was the fourth trucker to die on the Grade in six months. But before another 20 days passed, there were to be two more... and two more striped-headed pins on my wall chart.

For Hayes it had begun up top the grade—on the 2594 foot ridge the map-makers call Violin Summit. The grisly saga was written up near the summit, there in the tire-chewed embankment where he'd tried to slacken his speed; it was spelled out in the raw-rubber skid mark near the grade's bottom; it was etched in the expressionless eyes of a half dozen witnesses, their senses still numb from shock.

Hayes had crested the summit and started down. Maybe he'd geared into low. Maybe he didn't. There wasn't enough left of the rig to tell. Suddenly, feeling his rig gaining speed, he'd booted the brakes. Sure, he knew the danger; he knew the odds, too. With 20 tons riding behind him he had maybe 260 seconds of braking, a scant 4½ minutes before the drums heated up and expanded away from the internal shoes. And after that?

After that the pedal slammed the floorboards, his air pressure went, and his rig was picking up speed.

Frantically, he'd tried wheeling into the embankment—an old trucker's trick for slowing up or stopping in the



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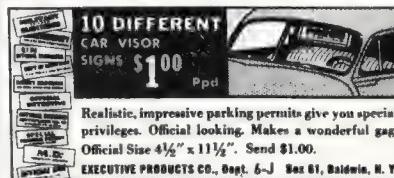
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pinches. A front tire scraping along an embankment will often stop a heavy rig. Often—but not this time. He was going too fast. The rig slowed. But it didn't stop. At that instant—a split second before eternity—Hayes could have jumped; he could have turned loose the speeding monster and saved himself. Other truckers before him on Five Mile had jumped free of their cabs, given their rigs free rein. But not Hayes. He chose to ride her out, to stick with her rather than to let her run wild.

He snapped on his spotlight, washed its beam across the road. A trucker, snailing downgrade just ahead, caught the warning in his mirror, pulled to the shoulder, gasped as the big rig roared by at an estimated 90 mph.

Just north of the curve, Hayes was making better than 100 mph. He might have tried snaking around that S curve. But what would have stopped him even if he did get clear? Ahead, Hayes knew, lay the little town of Castaic. So he stuck, rode her out . . . rode her clear to eternity.

We'd scarcely got that wreck cleared away (and put out the fire kindled by its exploding fuel tank), when the report came in that there was another runaway. Death harvests in season along the Grade. Maybe a month goes by with nothing more serious than a couple of cars slipping into a ravine, or a motorist plowing at 60 mph into a slow-moving load of steel pipe. Then all of a sudden, a half dozen rigs break loose.

It was nine days later that Leland James Stone, a 58-year-old trucker from Modesto, spilled his load of lumber—and himself—across the highway. He lost his air atop the grade. Roaring down at close to 95 mph, he kicked open the cab's door and huddled there on the running board. Just as his rig swerved crazily and headed across the divider—straight-aimed at an upcoming truck—he leaped.

Arms flailing, legs spread, he slammed across the highway . . . and was crushed beneath the northbounder's drive wheels.

The other driver wasn't even aware his rig had killed a fellow trucker.

"I saw this thing in the air," he told one of my patrolmen later. "I thought it was a cardboard box that fell off a truck."

We hauled the busted rig out of a 50-foot arroyo. It was a total loss. But not as bad as some I've seen. Couple years ago a rig broke up on the Grade, its chassis so mangled there wasn't a piece of that 30-ton monster big enough to put into a fair-sized suitcase.

Worse, I suppose, was the accident we had back during World War II. I wasn't bossing the summit then. But Sgt. Rex Servoss had a hand in it. That's one accident he doesn't like to remember. And you can't blame him. Doesn't matter how long you've been patrolling the highway, the gory ones leave you sick, wishing there was someone else you could call to clean up the mess. But when you're on the Patrol,

it's up to you to handle the dirty jobs, the ones that send you home sick to your stomach . . . sick and tired from trying to shut the mess out of your mind.

The date was July, 1944, toward the end of the war. The Grade wasn't clean-curved and wide-shouldered like it is now. But it was still a good road . . . if you drove it carefully—like you were scared of it.

We'd got the report by radio. Three men in a Ford convertible were slamming downgrade, weaving cross lane. Apparently they were drunk. They bore down upon Castaic at better than 90 mph. Right in front of the Post Office they slammed into an upcoming car. Five people were riding in that other car. Close as we could figure, they were coming up at about 40 mph. But when they hit—head-on—the impact was equivalent to 130 mph.

Sgt. Servoss still remembers racing toward the scene, when all at once another officer, already at the crash, gasped into the radio, *What a mess! ... What a mess!*

A bolt, sheared off one of the cars, shot 40 feet, and slammed hard as a bullet through the Post Office window. And those unlucky eight? They were gelatin—nothing but a congealing pile of gore. There wasn't a bone left in any of them longer than your little finger. There have been other mass "fatsals" along the Grade, but none as life-consuming as that. None that took eight lives in one shuddering instant of impact.

As I say, Death harvests in season. Ten days after Stone bailed out of his rig and under the wheels of that upgrading truck, a produce driver was found sprawled dead along the Grade.

The alert, as I remember, came in sometime toward midnight. That's when most rigs are on the Grade . . . especially the produce haulers. They load up in the San Joaquin valley toward evening, then head south for Los Angeles, figuring to make the produce market a few hours after midnight.

There weren't any witnesses to this one. Witnesses weren't really necessary. What happened was obvious enough.

The produce hauler had braked his rig seven miles north of Castaic, had climbed down to check his wheels. He'd pulled his hand brake . . . but he didn't set it tight enough. He crawled in under the rig, was inspecting the drive-wheel drums, when the monster lurched . . . and started rolling. Those big tires, like a couple of rubberized tampers, mashed over him. That was another one my boys try to forget.

Far as we were concerned, 1956 started all wrong. The new year wasn't 48 hours old when we had our first bad one. It proved what I've always said—that old-hands can slip-up, too. Of course, it's the "first-time-over" guys—truckers and motorists alike—who most often get caught up in trouble. The Ridge Route, they say, is a "fatigue highway". A family, tired after vacationing, figure they're all but

in LA when they crest the Ridge. They're tired . . . groggy. And maybe they're driving at night. Or, take the truckers. It may take a heavy rig three hours to labor up the 32-miles upgrade from Bakersfield, in the San Joaquin valley. Elevation at Bakersfield is 421 feet. Atop Tejon Pass—the highest point along the Ridge Route—it's 4239 feet. It's a long climb, and for the most part, steep, though no steeper than sections of Five Mile.

Cresting Tejon, the truckers grind into low and start down. Actually, the grade roller-coasters. It descends in a series of lesser summits. Just above Violin Summit, truckers climb up Whitaker hill . . . up to 2950 feet. Then they hit the Violin. Another five miles and they figure to be practically out of the mountains.

Maybe that's why they grow careless. Or, maybe it's because, having come that far, they're tired and blurry-eyed from staring into the oncoming headlights.

Fatigue saps their alertness; it puts them off guard. That's when, barreling down Five Mile, they plow into slower-moving trucks, tangle with an impatient car or plunge over the divider, shredding through the upbound lanes. With motorists, particularly the out-of-staters, it's almost always a matter of too much speed. They simply drive off the highway. Misjudge—and then go sailing end-over-end into space. Or they slam into a slow-going truck. Or maybe lose control and grind into a 30-ton monster coming from the other direction. We chalk accidents like that up to "driver error". But on my wall-board we don't discriminate. "Driver error" or "mechanical failure", it's all the same. Both are "fatal"—and I mark their final resting places with another striped-headed pin.

Take the last twelve runaway rigs. Eight were lumber trucks. And, while you can't draw any hard and fast conclusions from a guy's cargo, most lumber rigs are either from upstate or from out-of-state. Usually from Oregon. Their drivers? Many are "first-timers", hauling their first heavyweight load over the Ridge.

But like I was saying, 1956 started all wrong. It was along toward 8 p.m., January 2nd, when 26-year-old Albert Dale Neil, his two-axle semi-tractor pulling a trailer loaded with lumber, topped Violin summit . . . and started down. Riding with Neil was his wife, Marilyn. She was pregnant.

The emergency call came in at 8:55. By the time the patrols were at the scene, three were dead, two cars were strewn along the Grade, one of them burning, and the Neils' runaway rig had ground to a stop nearly 5 miles south of Castaic.

Neil had lost his brakes, he said, coming downgrade. For something like 10 murderous miles, he'd fought to hold the road, while his wife cringed beside him and his rig roared through Castaic. But it was rounding that S curve that Neil's rig hit the others—lashed first into a Buick and then into

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a Chevy hard-top convertible. The trailer tore loose, overturned in the northbound lane, scattering tons of 2x4's all along the highway. The Chevy's driver was pinned inside his car, smashed back into the seat by the engine. The sizzling thing was in his lap. The Buick's driver sprawled dead along the Grade's shoulder. His passenger lay nearby—just as lifeless. We put out the Buick's fire (its gas tank had exploded). Then we started picking up the corpses... what there was left of them.

Officially three had died... and that's how my pins tallied it on the office "morgue board". Actually, the tragedy had a sequel. The father of one of the dead men ran amuck in his grief, shot himself and his wife.

Sometimes, of course, one of my patrol cars is up there when a rig runs away. More than once my guys have had to run escort for a brakeless truck. It's a pretty harrowing business, streaking just ahead of a monster rig, siren blowing, red light flashing—and hoping. Hoping the rig won't outrun you.

Once, back during the war, a flatbed loaded with aircraft propellers shook itself loose and roared for Castaic. Ahead raced a California Highway Patrol car. Our car was doing its best—112 by the speedometer, when the hell-bent rig passed it. What was left of that trucker, you could have put in a coffee can.

But things are changing along Five Mile Grade. The Highway Department has just finished dozing a big level parking lot big enough for 50 rigs at the top of the summit. Now truckers can stop on the level to test their brakes and wheels and give the drums time to cool. And two-thirds of the way down, they've built an escape ramp. It's 1000-ft. long and steeply inclined at the end. There's a wide lead-in—real wide and gentle enough so a runaway can turn into the ramp. That escapeway, with its steep rising, loaded with loose sand, will stop anything on wheels. Even when it's a monster 30-tonner roaring downgrade at better than 100 mph.

I'm hopeful of course, that I can finally quit sticking striped-headed "fatal" pins into that morgue-board of mine. But you grow skeptical, bossing "America's most dangerous five miles." Engineered curves and treadable shoulders didn't slacken the massacre along Five Mile Grade. Neither did that wide swath of asphalt divider.

Every time I pick up a shovelful of gore, or sort through a sodden mess of meat that was once human and alive, I get to wondering. I keep asking myself if engineering—great as it is—can ever second-guess human and mechanical failure. Can it ever turn our highways safe and sane? Looks like we'll just have to wait and see. END



SIXTEEN AGAINST THE SEA

(Continued from page 19)

swamped broadside! Get on the oars!"

Jones pulled on his oar, his back feeling like it was breaking. Davies, the storekeeper, Fletcher, the bo'sun, Roy Housden, the cadet, McNeil and McLennan, the small-boat sailors from the Hebrides, Porter, the steward, Jameson, the mess-room boy, Oswald Preston, Chief Engineer Pollard, all of the men strained on their oars, fighting the sea. Even John Boyle, his life seeping away in the blood deep inside of his body where it could not be seen, forced himself to pull hard on his oar.

These were men ready to fight the sea on its own terms.

For twenty-four hours the men in the lifeboat had been exposed to heavy seas and icy rain. Mr. Willey, the 3rd Engineer, who had lost his

shoes in the scramble into the lifeboat, lay in the bottom of the boat. His feet had started to turn black. Freezing had set in and there were ice crystals under his skin.

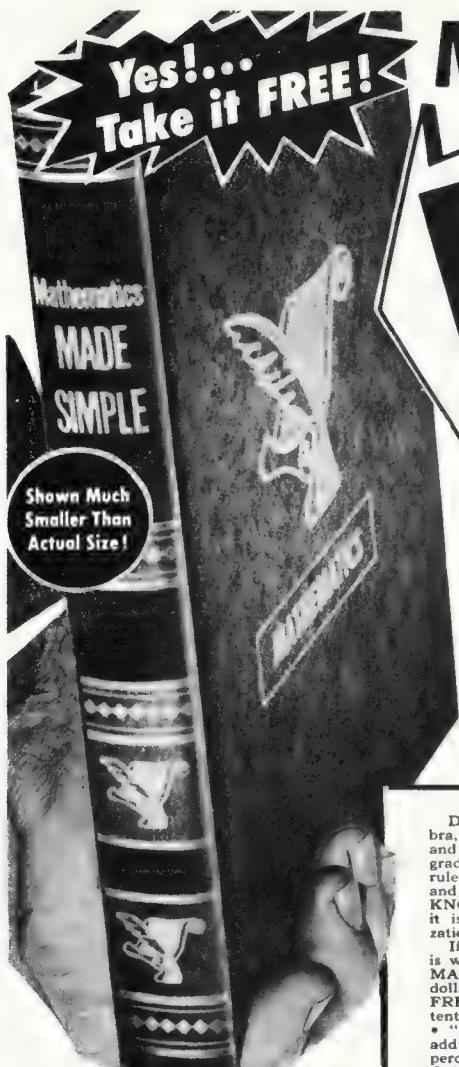
Now Willey pulled himself up, rested his chin on the gunwale, and stared out at the horizon. He let out a weak cry, and pointed. There was a ship in the water, to the windward, a tanker, smoke billowing amidships and aft.

New hope surged through the men in the lifeboat. If only they could reach the tanker before she passed out of sight. There was a chance of being picked up.

Hawkins rapped out a command. The men bent to the oars, forcing their stiffened, screaming muscles to work. It took four hours of back-breaking labor to bring the lifeboat within hailing distance of the tanker. The men shipped their oars and stared. The smoking tanker floated in a lake of oil, a ghost ship, abandoned by her crew.

"That's our baby," growled Fletcher, his voice almost breaking with despair. "The San Demetrio. No mistake. She's got the red lead on her masts and funnels for the prettying up job we been doing for the homecoming."

The hearts of the men in that lifeboat were heavy with futility. For the burning tanker they had fought to reach was the San Demetrio, the very ship they had been ordered to abandon some 24 hours before...



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M.V. San Demetrio, a flush-decked oil tanker, had cleared out of Aruba in the Dutch West Indies on October 28, 1940, after taking on a load of 11,000 tons of gasoline badly needed for the Battle of Britain. At Halifax, the tanker joined up with Convoy HX84, thirty-eight cargo ships and tankers, crossing the Atlantic under the protection of *H.M.S. Jervis Bay*, an armed merchant liner.

On November 5, 1940, as darkness fell, the top mast of a fighting vessel appeared on the horizon. It was the pocket battleship, the *Admiral Von Scheer*. The German raider used its superior long range fire power to blast the convoy while it sat out of range of the convoy's small cannon.

The convoy scattered, dropped smoke pots into the sea, and took evasive action. The raider fired star shells to light up its target area. Then the moon came up, and the convoy was caught between the moon and the pocket battleship, silhouetted like so many sitting ducks.

The *Jervis Bay*, heavily outgunned and outarmed, knowing it was going to certain destruction, turned and charged the raider, buying time for the convoy with its own life.

Hit amidships, burning furiously, the gallant ship plowed through the German shells until it had closed enough for its own smaller cannon to reach the raider. Then the *Jervis Bay* got off one salvo from all its remaining operating guns, broke up, and went down.

The *Scheer* turned its attention back to the convoy ships, blasted the flagship, the *S.S. Cornish City*, then the *Rangitiki*, and then turned a rain of hell on the *San Demetrio*.

The first two salvos straddled the tanker. The tanker returned the fire with its lone and puny 4.7 inch cannon, but its shells fell into the sea, far short of the mark.

The third salvo holed the tanker in the port bow and badly damaged her amidships. The killer ship had the range. Flames ran wild above the highly explosive 11,000 tons of gas stored on the tanker.

Quickly, the order was given to abandon ship and three lifeboats were lowered. The fourth, port amidships, was carried away, and seven men scrambled across the deck, fleeing the tanker before she blew them to eternity. Their goal was the starboard boat amidships, commanded by the 2nd Officer, A. G. Hawkins, and that boat was about to pull away from the ship.

"Wait!" one of the men screamed out. "Hawkins, wait for us!"

The lifeboat bounced up and down in a heavy sea, slamming up against the ship's plates, the scraping of metal against metal shooting out sparks, any one of which could touch off the gasoline fumes.

In the lifeboat, nine men looked up to see their buddies swarming over the gunwale, sliding down ropes, climbing down the Jacob's ladder.

Overhead, the German star shells were bursting, illuminating the figures against the black sky. Shells landed on the ship with each salvo, exploding, sending hot metal screaming through the air.

John Davies, ship's storekeeper, in his fifties, greying, and on the heavy side, had come down the ladder as far as his strength could take him. He had to chance it. He turned his body in the air and leaped out into space. He landed on his chest with a sickening thud. Later they found out he had broken his ribs against the sharp edge of a seat.

Chief Engineer Charles Pollard, a huge man, in his fifties, held onto the Jacob's ladder and felt the ship roll out from under him. He hung on in space for a moment, felt himself swinging back, smashed up against the plates, the finger of one hand mashed between a step of the ladder and the ship.

John Boyle came down the side of the ship on a rope. He couldn't brake his descent. The rough edges of the rope began to strip the skin from his fingers. He had to let go. He hit the lifeboat on the edge, the gunwale digging into his middle. Twisted with pain, he took his seat at one of the oars in front of young Jones.

The men rowed into the darkness, dodging the red hot tracer bullets the raider was skipping on the surface of the sea. Any one of the tracers might ignite the gas and oil that had spilled into the sea from the holed storage tanks of the ship.

A last look at the tanker saw her midships and poop go up in a roaring mass of flame. Then a strong gale and heavy rain fell, blocking the ship from view.

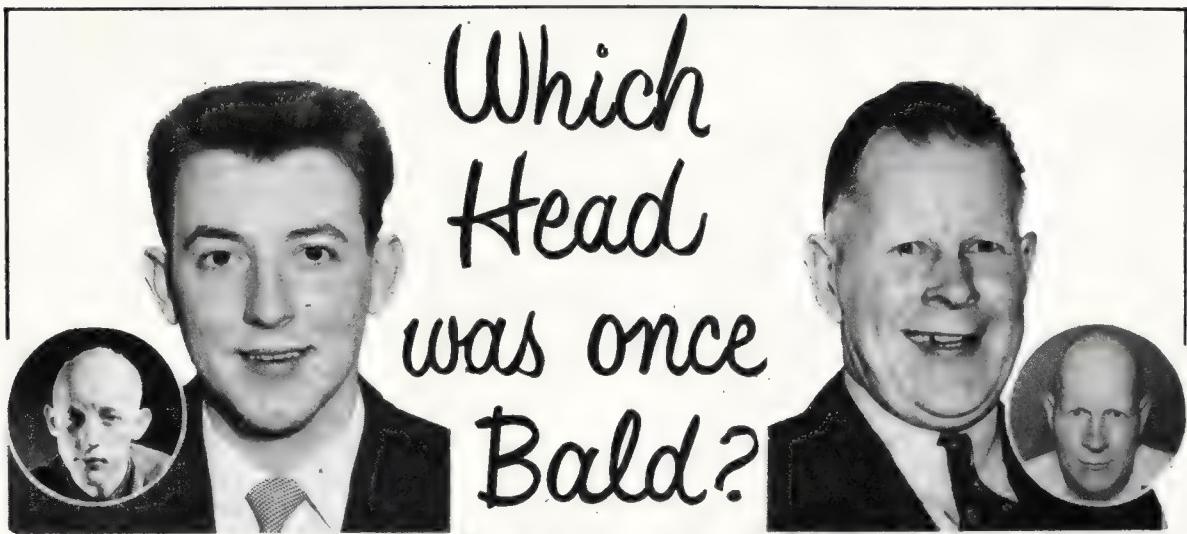
Twenty-four hours later, the lifeboat, commanded by 2nd Officer, A. G. Hawkins, hove to on the outskirts of a blazing circle of oil. In the center of the circle was the flaming tanker with no crew aboard.

The men rowed out of the path of the tanker as she drifted down on them, passing astern. They rested on their oars, and stared at the ship, facing a terrible decision. They could board the burning *San Demetrio*, attempt to make her seaworthy, and chance certain and instantaneous death if the tanker blew into what might be the most spectacular of funeral pyres. Or they could stick with the lifeboat and accept a slow torturous death from thirst and starvation.

As night fell, the men made their decision—head for the tanker. With the coming of darkness, boarding of the ship had become too dangerous. They lay to, and waited out the long night.

Dawn revealed that the tanker had drifted off. The men broke out the sails, chased the big ship, and drew up with her at noon, passed astern, and came up on the leeward side.

Then the lifeboat breached the flaming circle of oil around the ship. There could be no turning back now.



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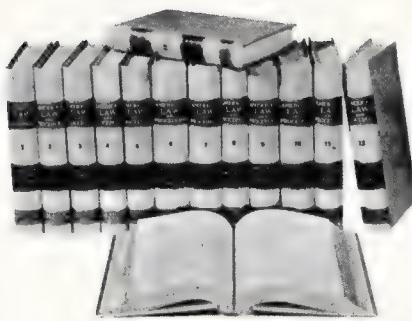
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What was left of a Jacob's ladder hung down the side of the ship. The men rowed for it and broke out blankets, covering the side of the lifeboat, so that no sparks would be struck when the steel boat hit up against the tanker's plates. The painter was made fast to the Jacob's ladder and the boarding began.

First man up the ladder was Hawkins. Following him was Pollard, who innocently provided the humor for what had been a dreary, soul-destroying two days. Half way up the ladder, the plump engineer's trousers split in two, laying bare his backside, and giving those below in the lifeboat what amounted to a fish's eye view of the chief's behind. A rousing cheer followed the chief engineer up the ladder and to the deck.

With the men on board, Hawkins and Pollard inspected the ship. The deck was covered with broken pipes. The deck plates were red hot and had buckled in spots like cardboard. Gasoline flowed freely out of the ruptured tanks. The bridge and wheelhouse were gone. The bow was holed and taking water. All amidships was gutted by fire. The navigation bridge had been demolished by a direct hit. Wireless, compasses, steering gear, charts, signalling flags were all gone. The collision bulkhead was pierced by shell splinters; the forehold was flooded; all pipelines, steam lines, exhaust lines, deck fittings were holed or twisted out of line by the heat of the fires.

Three to four feet of water sloshed around the engine room. Fuel units were under water. Undamaged, although wet, were the lubricating and water cooling systems and the main engines.

Pollard and Hawkins decided to go ahead with the attempt to make the tanker seaworthy. They didn't know it, but right then, the choice was no longer theirs. The lifeboat had broken adrift and disappeared. The men were stuck with the tanker, to live or die with her.

Topside, Hawkins formed a bucket brigade and fire extinguisher party. McNeil, McLennan, Fletcher, and the other men sloshed sea water and pyrene on the smouldering deck and the wheelhouse.

Pollard took Mr. Willey, Davies, and John Boyle below decks with him. They reassembled the emergency generator, a Paxman unit, which had been taken apart for overhaul in preparation for degaussing the hull against magnetic mines just before the German raider attacked.

Electrical cables were repaired. Pollard then raised steam in the auxiliary starboard boiler. The ballast pump was started. Fire hoses were connected. And the pumping out of the engine room began.

Next Hawkins set the men to work painting huge H-E-L-P signs in white on the deck and on a sign hung over the side.

The men worked through the rest

of the day. At five-thirty they took a break for a meal of eggs which had been baked black in the refrigerator by the fires that had burned on the ship.

Down below, in the engine room, John Boyle, the greaser who had taken over the firing, oiling the main engines, maintaining the steam in the boilers, doing the work of half a dozen men, was shrugging off his ration.

"What's the matter with you, boy?" Pollard asked.

"No appetite," the greaser said.

Boyle turned away. His insides felt like mice were running around in his stomach, gnawing painfully. He hadn't stopped spitting blood since his fall into the lifeboat.

All through the rest of that evening and all night long, the weary crew worked, and by dawn the engine room had been pumped dry. Some of the men, like Boyle, Davies, Willey, worked in pain, but chose to ignore it.

On deck with every roll she took, the ship was still slopping gasoline through holes in the deck plates. With the first light of dawn, Hawkins put the crew to work plugging the holes with cotton waste, pegging the waste into place with blocks of soft wood for wedges.

By Friday, November 8th, all fires aboard ship had been put out. The tanker still reeked of gasoline and precautions had to be taken to prevent a spark that might touch off the fumes.

It was decided to try to make for England with their precious cargo of 11,000 tons of gasoline.

The steering gear and all navigational aids had either been shot out or burned away. Aft, four spokes of a small auxiliary wheel remained. These four splinters of wood were hooked up with the steering engine steam valves, the steering engine, and the hydraulic rams to work the rudder for the trip home.

Hawkins and Jones navigated by the seats of their pants. The compass had been rendered useless. There wasn't an accurate watch on board. There was no sextant and no sun to shoot by anyway.

Their ship sea-worthy, the men began to relax the fierce and indomitable will they had imposed on their bodies, and recognize the fact that they were made of flesh and blood and subject to its weaknesses.

On the homeward journey the *San Demetrio* ran into bad weather: high seas, a strong north westerly gale, winds blowing at force 8. The ship was sluggish, tender to handle. She was shipping water through a hole in its bow. Pollard and Hawkins knew they had to lighten the ship at the head.

On Saturday, Pollard and his men worked on the foredeck unprotected from the driving rains and the heavy seas that came in over the gunwales and washed the tools right out of their hands and into the sea.

The men worked until dark, and then had to give it up as a hopeless

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task. Dead tired, they went below and learned that still another misfortune had befallen the ship.

On that Saturday, November 9th, John Boyle collapsed in the engine room where, racked with pain, he had worked without a break.

The "Black Squad" of storekeepers, stewards and engineers carried the little man up on deck and tenderly put him to bed in one of the few cabins that had not been wrecked during the attack.

"God, but I'm cold," the ashen, shivering Boyle told the men.

Pollard, soaked to the skin and exhausted, was determined to bring comfort to the gutty little greaser who had served his ship so well.

"I'll fix that up, John," he said.

While the other men crowded around the greaser and tried to joke with him, Pollard went below and ran a steam line from the engine room to the radiator in the cabin in which Boyle was lying.

"I'm dying," Boyle told the men around him.

But they refused to believe it.

"Go on," Wavies said. "You're the toughest of the lot, Boyle. You'll be carrying the rest of us ashore when we reach England."

Boyle had to live. The crew desperately wanted him to live. If anyone had worked for success, it had been Boyle.

That Saturday night was not a cheerful affair. The men were depressed over the little greaser. Hawkins organized a songfest in the galley in an effort to lift the feeling of gloom aboard ship. The crew sang all the old songs, "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True," "She's Just a Bird in a Gilded Cage," but their hearts weren't in it.

On Sunday, the weather took a turn for the worse. The ship rode sluggishly in a heavy gale and violent seas that broke over the head and then washed

up on the main deck in a savage fury.

Hawkins held a short service and solemnly read the Lord's Prayer to the men.

If the *San Demetrio* was ever to make landfall again, she would have to be brought up at the head. Pollard asked for one volunteer to go with him into the thick lung-searing gasoline fumes of the storage tanks in an attempt to shift some of the gasoline towards the stern of the ship. Jones, the young Welsh boy, agreed to help Pollard.

The two men went forward, into the fumes that could suffocate them or blow them to bits if they struck a spark, and they started connecting the pipes for the transfer of the fuel. They worked at it all day, and by nightfall all the gasoline had been siphoned out of the number 9 tank and shifted astern to the number 6 tank.

That night the ship rode lighter in the head.

And that night John Boyle died. He had lived long enough to learn that the fight had been won, that the *San Demetrio* had beaten the sea.

The next few days, the ship ran through a south westerly gale, and then on Wednesday, the 13th of November, wind and sea lessened, and land was sighted early in the afternoon.

Before putting into a safe harbor, the crew committed the body of John Boyle to the sea.

After the burial ceremony, the *San Demetrio* steamed under her own power into Black sod Bay, County Mayo, in Southern Ireland.

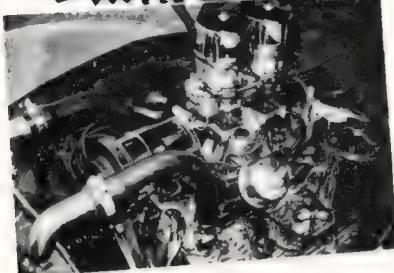
Sixteen brave men, one of whom had died, had brought their ship home through sub-infested waters, carrying 11,000 tons of her desperately needed cargo of gasoline to Britain for the war against the Nazis.

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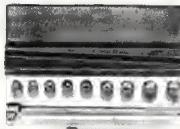
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FIRST BLOOD

(Continued from page 31)

soon found out, was going to be a different kind of fight. For one thing, I was going to be in it.

The Germans opened up with a big artillery barrage on the night of February 10 and the next morning we got the word that the Germans were advancing. At that point our M-3 tank destroyers were rear down behind a hill using 75mm guns for artillery. The order came to go forward—or to the rear, as it turned out—to meet the German tank thrust.

Lieut. Simmons got the platoon together just before we started to wheel forward. "Here's the picture," he said. "The Krauts are spearheading this drive with maybe forty or fifty Tiger tanks carrying 88mm cannon. We got 75s. A 75 shell will stop 'em if we can get close enough. The thing is we got to get some of 'em—and this is the way we'll do it." He outlined his plan which was, as usual, suicide for the platoon commander, with him going in while the others ranged out and gave him covering fire.

When he finished, he looked at us and said, "And remember the tank destroyer motto, 'Seek, strike, and destroy!'"

I hadn't heard anyone say those words since we first joined up with the newly formed tank destroyer outfit back in the States. When anyone spoke them, except now, it always sounded self-conscious and corny. But now Simmons made it sound heartening, and we wheeled off to face the Germans. It was quite a while, after what happened to Simmons, before anyone quoted that motto again. It seemed like pressing your luck if you did.

I don't know if you've ever seen a Tiger tank, but in World War II it was the last word in low-silhouetted, rugged-plated, fast-moving tanks with the punching power of an artillery gun. This is what we had to try to stop with our M-3s—our tank destroyers.

An M-3 was a half-track vehicle very quickly replaced after the North African campaign, and with good reason. But it was what we had at Faïd, Sidi Bou Zid, Sbeitla, Thala, and Kasserine. The armor up front was thin and there was no armor in back. It carried a 75mm gun which fired over the heads of the driver and radio operator, and the gun had practically no traverse. The driver had to back

up and change direction if the gunner wanted to traverse more than a couple of degrees.

The gas tanks were on the back, practically unprotected by armor, and there was a 50 caliber machine gun aft. The gun itself had the old Nordenfeld eccentric screw-type breech block fired by a lanyard and the recoil was so long and shattering it damn near shook the headlights off the thing when it fired. It was never meant to stand and slug it out toe-to-toe with any tank, but the idea was to hit and run, and hit and run again. One trouble with that scheme was that the 75 only fired forward and sometimes it was a good idea to turn away and run.

And the trouble with running was that the damn thing, flat out, could hardly go 17 miles an hour across slightly rough terrain.

So Lieut. Simmons went out in his M-3 to meet the Tiger tanks and we deployed behind, covering.

By the time we got near them we could see the way the battle was turning. Our infantry was falling back—orderly, but still falling back—and the Germans were pouring a withering barrage over the advancing tanks. Dive bombers were blasting our troops and Messerschmitts flew low, strafing. My TD commander, Sgt. Larry Beitz, leaped to the machine gun as we rolled forward and fired a few bursts at the planes, but he realized it was ridiculous, the way our old M-3 was lurching over the pocked terrain.

Things were beginning to blacken and choke up with smoke and dust, but we kept the lieutenant's pennant in sight. At last we were able to see. As the German barrage lengthened and went over us, we finally saw the advancing tanks. The operator got Simmons's message to halt, scatter, and cover him. We veered right, swung left again to cover him, and stopped. Simmons went on in.

I was the loader and I fed that damn gun as fast as Larry could pull the lanyard. Off to left and right of us were the other two TDs of the platoon, pouring shells ahead of Simmons as he roared in at top speed to meet the Tigers. You could see the old M-3 bucketing as his 75 fired and his corporal had the 50 swung around and pouring the lead at any German tank commander who showed his head in the hatch. Through the dust and smoke you could see the sharp, quick splashes of fire from the Tigers' guns and the bursts of our artillery shells among them.

Now don't get the idea that Simmons went head-on, alone, against a concentration of fifty tanks—even though it seemed like that to me at the time. There were other tank destroyer platoons ranging out in similar actions, and off to the northeast the Royal Artillery was blasting shells into them, and to the west, a French armor division was settled, hull down, to meet the onslaught. They were manning British medium tanks and they weren't long for this world.

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But all I could see was Simmons and his crew. He hit the first kraut from the port quarter. The guy hadn't expected him to come out of that dust and Simmons blew the left tracks off the bastard and set him afire and when the men leaped out the hatch the corporal cut them down with the 50. Another kraut tank stopped. I could swear it had a look of human surprise as it turned slowly to meet the M-3.

The German tank commander didn't have a chance to open fire. Simmons was on top of him, the 75 blasting, and he caught him on the weak armor with a lucky shot that went through to the ammo and blew the Tiger apart. I've always felt that that kraut stopped to laugh a moment at this crazy mixed-up M-3 lumbering across the terrain. In modern warfare it looked a little like a knight in rusty armor trying to take a castle solo.

Our shells were ringing Simmons and keeping the other Tigers cautious. We were well deployed and they hadn't yet spotted us. So they turned their attention to Simmons and his luck ended. It was casual the way they did it. Like brushing off flies. No wasted shells. Just direct hits. And the M-3 staggered, its front end smashed, and went down on its knees as the front wheels disappeared. It only hung there a second, though, because one of the next shots hit the ammo and gas and there was a moment of brilliant orange light and that was all.

That was our signal. We backed out, fell back, and took up positions further to the rear. Those were our orders.

For the next week it went like that,

though we didn't meet the tanks that way again. We were used for covering fire for the infantry as they fell back, lobbing our shells into the Panzer grenadiers and occasionally darting into the battle to sweep the krauts with the 50 and our small arms. Plenty of TDs went the way Simmons had, but Beitz, T-5 Bert Perry, the driver, Corporal Ed Olsen, and Joe Sezlik and myself brought the M-3 back through Kasserine as we retreated almost to Tebessa.

We'd been through the whole, continuous action almost without any rest. That went for the infantry, artillery, the combat engineers—everyone. The German drive faltered probably because they needed rest too, and it gave us a chance to regroup. The whole thing had been a big, wide, wild sprawling action, and soldiers who'd been by-passed by the German advance had to fight their way back to the new positions we took up at the outlet of the Kasserine Pass.

We got a breathing spell, and at this point we'd just about had it. I saw TD men openly weeping from exhaustion, and sometimes when we stopped to pick up straggling infantry men they'd stare at us, glassy-eyed, silly-eyed—maybe they'd be talking to themselves or quietly singing. There was never any tune to the song. Everywhere men looked like ghosts and stumbled around like punchy fighters. If you didn't feel like they looked you'd have said they were a sloppy, defeated looking bunch of soldiers not fit to wear the American uniform.

I never thought I'd live to see the day when I prayed for a direct hit on our old M-3. But that was the way I



"I'd say they were gettin' ready for a hit-and-run play."

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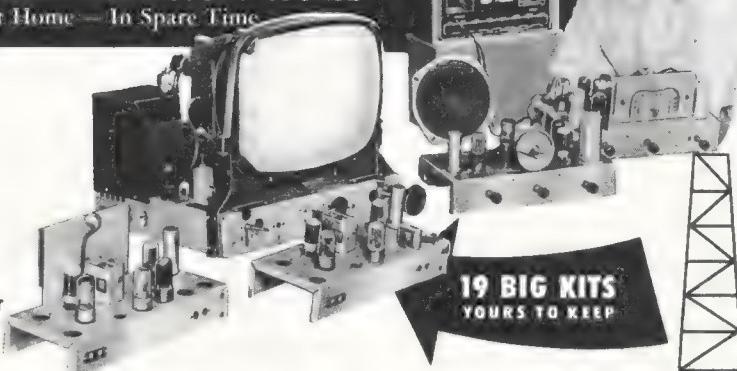
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felt. That was the way Olsen and Perry and Sezlik felt, because they told me. Larry Beitz couldn't say so, because he was in command. He didn't have to say it. You could read it in his eyes. Everywhere you looked you saw defeat. Materiel abandoned, shattered. Guns wrecked, tanks burnt out, corpses moldering along the route. If we'd had tails they'd have been dragging between our legs.

Somehow we took up positions there at the outlet of the Kasserine Pass that the Germans held in a grip of steel. It's a good thing there are generals who can see a battlefield as a map and locate positions to order men to. Otherwise I think most of us would have looked for the nearest hole in the cold mud and just given up. But the positions we took, no matter how defeated and exhausted we felt, must have been right. They must have made sense to someone, at least. It looked like hell to all of us out there, but on a map we were probably a sensible geometric arrangement of dots.

The Germans must have known the arrangement too, because at 3:00 a.m. on February 20, the Desert Fox's artillery started to punch feelers into our positions. Just nice tentative shots like he was setting us up for the Sunday punch. Then; at 8:00 a.m., he flung the punch. It seemed like every goddam gun in the Afrika Korps opened up on us. The Battle of Oran seemed like a Fourth of July fireworks display and even the Faid battle, which really shook me, seemed like kid stuff. It was the fiercest artillery barrage of the campaign.

I heard guys screaming around me and soon I found myself screaming, just trying to establish an identity in the midst of that terrible hell. Our artillery was answering back, but we weren't positioned to work with them. We were hull down now, our guns depressed for use as anti-tank weapons in case the Germans broke through Kasserine to our end. For a while we had nothing to fire at.

But then, suddenly, the Pass vomited tanks. They came spewing out of the mouth of Kasserine, all the might of Rommel's 10th and 21st Armored. Behind the Tigers came light armored cars sweeping the terrain with machine gun slugs, and all this time the German artillery didn't relent. We opened fire and the results were satisfying. We didn't hit a Tiger but we blasted the hell out of an armored car. We kept firing. Behind us the artillery suddenly let go with everything it had, which meant the 155 mm cannon were dueling with the German 88s.

For the first half hour it looked as though those Tigers were unstoppable. For the first half hour it looked like there were more armored cars than desert flies. We saw the Panzer grenadiers coming up behind and there seemed to be a million of them. We knew we were outnumbered, but we never imagined by how much. At the first stage of the battle it didn't do

any good to think. There wasn't time, anyway. You just looked, got one ghastly impression, and went back to loading the gun. Olsen kept the 50 chattering. Only when you heard Olsen give a laugh to indicate he'd got results did you really realize how close they were—within range of the 50.

I said we'd been exhausted when we hit that last point of our retreat. Sure, we could have laid down and died. But something had happened. Not just to me. I could see it in Larry's face, I could hear it in Olsen's laugh. Sezlik's blackened face was split by white teeth forming a grin. I kept loading that gun and I wasn't arm-weary any more. I felt that thrill in my stomach like you get when you go up suddenly in an elevator. My back and neck were crawling like I'd been shot full of adrenalin, or maybe given a new backbone. I felt good. I felt like no one in the world could lick me.

And all I was doing was a job-loading. The Germans were just as close, there were just as many shells around, the 500 pounders from the Stuka dive bombers were plastering around us just as fast and we were just as outnumbered as we'd ever been. It was still cold and uncomfortable. Our 75 had the same range and the same blast effect. So did the German 88s. Nothing had changed except my attitude and I could see the same thing had happened all around me. I wonder sometimes if that's the way it happened at Valley Forge.

Then, suddenly, there was a reason for it. The Long Toms behind us were finding the range and dropping their devastating shells among the Tigers. Our own lighter arms were playing hell with the mobile machine gunners in the armored cars and the shadowy silhouettes of the grenadiers plodding through the smoke vanished here and there as though some of them had been swallowed by the mud. Then the German attack broke and the tanks withdrew into Kasserine.

It was only a lull though. The next day the krauts came out again in full force. We'd concentrated American and British tanks to meet this new assault and the Tigers smashed through them. Our artillery kept pounding and we had to retreat a little in the face of this advance. But everybody was fighting like this was it, this was an even match which was going to the guy with the guts to stick it out even if he had to go on the bicycle a minute to catch his breath and figure out how we were going to sneak in the punch that would lick him.

We parried for a while, hauling back to Hainra Pass, while Rommel tried to press his advantage by hurling three tank drives at Thala and another toward Tebessa. We were at Tebessa. For 24 hours we fought them off, still hopped up with that psychic feeling of it being only a matter of time—still shot to the lid with adrenalin. But now 40-ton Churchill tanks had wheeled into the battle and they were

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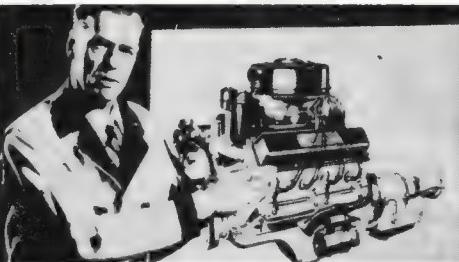
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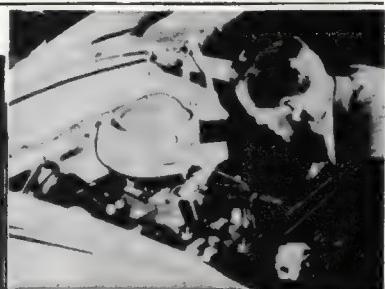
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a good slugging partner for the Tigers. The British Armored Division attached to the American held, while our artillery chopped at the Tigers. At that point our TDs were lofting shells into the grenadiers who'd come up to try to consolidate their positions.

We were getting air support now. Lightnings, Hurricanes, Spits, Mitchells, and Marauders were plastering the Germans after driving the Luftwaffe out of the skies. We began to give them what they'd given us at Faid. Our supply lines were in good shape and there was plenty of ammo for the old M-3 as we kept pouring lead to the Germans.

Our own artillery was blasting the hell out of them as they tried to make progress along the road to Thala. The day battle went on into the night. In the light of the moon the ghostly shapes of wrecked materiel mingled with the screams of the wounded to make what had been a day-time nightmare even eerier. Allied tanks moved out after the Germans and we pulled out of position and made our first advance in weeks. We struck at armored cars and swept the terrain ahead with the 50. We began to see shapes like cactus trees in the dim light and found they were krauts stumbling up to us with their arms held up in surrender.

The next morning we launched our counter-attack. Our armor went ahead and chased the Germans into Kasserine and our TDs spearheaded and covered the infantry advance. The whole Pass was an inferno as our planes blasted the path ahead, and when our Long Toms got into position they paved and steamrollered the way. Dead Germans lay all over the place and the once-mighty Tigers lay dead

and burnt out, with their charred crews hanging over the sides or lying nearby. Bayonets came out as the Germans tried to make a fight of a hopeless proposition, and wedges of Tigers fought rear-guards where the Pass narrowed. But nothing was stopping us now.

The tide had turned. This was the battle that changed a defeated army into an unbeatable one. Into the night the battle went and the only thing useful about the burning equipment of the enemy was that he could see his way to retreat. And we could see to chase him. We overran the town of Kasserine, which had been Rommel's supply point, and made a shambles of it. Rommel was in full flight, and the Second Corps was feeling its muscles. It had drawn first blood.

We should have been tired but we were too hopped up to think about it. Our crew on the old M-3 was feeling great. We were chasing, probing, striking, and destroying. We were functioning like we'd hoped we would back in the days of training. We even felt a wave of affection for the cumbersome old M-3, which shortly was replaced by the M-10s and M-18s.

I remember that day, as we headed for Gafsa, and Larry Beitz had been promoted to lieutenant and made platoon leader, when he did his first briefing. It was terse and clear and to the point, and when he wound up he added: "And remember our motto: Seek, strike, and destroy!"

As the enemy fled toward the sea, shortly to be driven out of North Africa, it really meant something.

I only wish that Simmons had been around to say it again. END



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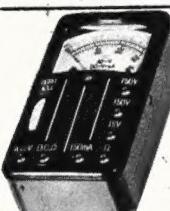
Have you got
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**SHRUNKEN
HEAD?**



About 8 inches high

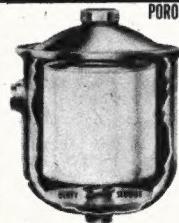
Hang one from front or rear car window (scare traffic cops away). Gives your den or rumpus room that "lived in" look! It's a truly "unusual" gift. Incredibly "real" looking imitation of Jivaro Shrunken Head—made of skin texture rubber with long, black, silky hair. \$2.98 Ppd. Item 8. Ppd.

T-K-30 TESTER reads all voltages! Sensitive ohm-meter "pinpoints" bad switches, faulty contacts, "shorts"—saves hours. For household or automotive use. Checks battery, relay, lights, ignition, etc. 0-750-volt range. AC or DC. 0-150 milliamperes DC. Resistance 0-100,000 ohms. \$12.95. Item 9. Ppd.

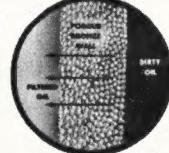


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Bronze oil filter lasts forever. Guaranteed 10 years. Use oil 10,000 miles—BIG filtering area removes all harmful dirt, grit. Fits any car's filter case. With acid neutralizer. "By-pass" element \$6.95; Giant "Full-flow" element \$11.95; Complete—case with "By-pass" element \$12.95. Item 1. Ppd.



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Has 22 times the magnetic pick-up area
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Engine suffering from "ACID digestion"? Oil swarming with microscopic abrasive flecks? Replace your crank case drain plug with NEUTRA-PLUG! Active alloy element neutralizes corrosive acid. Powerful Alnico magnet captures metal grit. Standard model \$2.45. Deluxe model \$2.95. Item 3. Ppd.



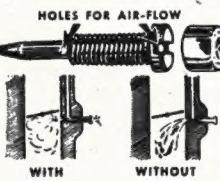
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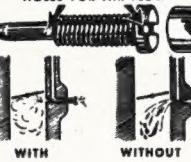
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A lovely Gift



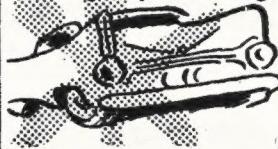
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STOP GAS WASTE due to carburetor "thirst". Gane Air-Jet Needles compensate for over-rich idling mixture—stop "flood" of raw gas. Users report 3-6 extra miles per gal.—no help if carb. "perfect". Try 10 days full refund if not amazed. State make of carburetor (8-cyl. cars take 2). \$1.50 each. Item 4. Ppd.

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Railroad Type
Alternate Flashing
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RED FLASHERS MEAN STOP. This emergency switch turns your directional signals into alternate-flashing STOP warnings. One light or the other is on at all times. Stops dangerous use of left-turn signal as a warning. Easily installs under dash. Corrosion-resistant insulated "connectors" clip to wires—no tools or soldering needed... do it yourself. Always ready for any emergency... bypasses blown fuses... just flick Emergency Switch "on." Fits any car or truck with directional signals. Specify 6 or 12-volt systems. Only \$4.95. Item 5. Ppd.

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MORE ZIP for the old bus! New life and power for that sluggish engine. Just unscrew spark plugs, squeeze Holt's into holes. Forms self-expanding seal. Boosts compression, cuts oil waste, ends piston slap. Lasts up to 10,000 miles. Only genuine "Holt's"—Insured by Lloyd's of London. \$4.95. Item 7. Ppd.

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We want to assure your success. A Duraclean dealer will train and assist you. He'll reveal the Duraclean System and his successful plan of building customers. He will work with you. This business is easy to learn . . . quickly established.

This is a sound, lifetime business that grows from REPEAT ORDERS and customer RECOMMENDATIONS. Alert dealers can gross an hourly profit of \$5.00 on own service plus \$3.00 on EACH serviceman at National Price Guide charges.

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Over a quarter century of proven success

Plan NOW for Future Years! You Become an Expert in Cleaning and Protecting Rugs, Carpets and Upholstery!

DURACLEAN® (left) cleans by absorption. It eliminates scrubbing . . . soaking . . . shrinkage. Aerated foam, created by electric Foamovator, restores the natural lubrication of wool and other animal fibers in rugs and upholstery. Dirt, grease and many unsightly spots vanish. Fabrics and floor coverings are cleaned with a new consideration for their life and beauty.

This modern process avoids strong soaps and machine scrubbing! This eliminates unnecessary wear and the breaking of fibers. Fabric life is increased.

DURACLEANING is done in the home. Customers like this convenience. Fabrics dry in a few hours. Rug pile again stands erect and even. Brilliant colors revive. Furnishings become clean, fresh and enlivened.

DURAPROOF® is another year 'round service rendered in the home, office or institution—without removing furnishings.

It protects upholstery, rugs, furs, clothing and auto interiors, against damage by moths and carpet beetles. U. S. Government says, "Moths are present in practically every household . . . No section of country seems free from such infestations."

DURAPROOF kills moths and carpet beetles . . . It makes materials non-eatable to both. **DURAPROOF** is the ONLY mothproof service backed by an International Money Back, 6-Year Warranty.



Easy To Learn • No Overhead Expense

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No experience necessary! Some dealers establish shops or an office . . . others operate from their own home. Service may be rendered in homes, offices, hotels, theaters or institutions. Auto dealers buy your **DURACLEAN** Service to revive upholstery in used cars. Almost every building houses a potential customer needing one or both services. You enjoy big profits on both materials and labor.



FIRST PROCESS IN THE FIELD
TO WIN THIS IMPORTANT HONOR!

As a Duraclean dealer, your services are backed by this famous seal of quality . . . proof that Duraclean "meets the test of time and results. No competitor in your town can boast this seal. Customers will also see this seal on all Duraclean products certified by the American Research & Testing Laboratories. No wonder it's so easy to get business!

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Demonstrations win new customers. Men with **DURACLEAN** Dealerships find REPEAT and VOLUNTARY orders become a major source of income. Customers tell their friends and neighbors. Furniture, department stores and interior decorators turn over cleaning and moth-proofing to **DURACLEAN** Dealers. We show 27 ways to get customers.

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A moderate payment establishes your own business—pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards, introduction slips, sales books, demonstrators and enough material to return your **TOTAL** investment. You can have your business operating in a very few days. Mail coupon today! No obligation.

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World-Wide

Duraclean dealers' businesses have developed into a world wide organization with dealerships throughout North America, Central America and South America, as well as in Alaska, Africa, China, Israel, Bermuda, Hawaii, Switzerland, Japan, Norway, etc.

FREE

Booklet Tells How!

Our first letter and 16 page illustrated booklet will explain everything—these modern urgently needed services, waiting market, how business grows, your large profits, easy terms and **PROTECTED** territory. Send Coupon TODAY while territory is open.

What Dealers Say

Earl Davis: "Our sales increased \$17,666.00 this year over last."

A. N. Ritter: "I seldom go under \$200.00 per week by myself."

W. A. Lookibill: "We've had 20 years of pleasant dealings. I'm 65 but am setting my sights for 20 more years."

L. B. Hayes: "It was my lucky day when I received my dealership. During my first month I grossed \$779.17. Duraclean has proved so popular, I am now full time dealer."

P. Friedman: "70% of our business is repeat . . . also get business from reference of satisfied customers."

W. Abbott: "In the past 7 months I have taken in over \$12,000, almost entirely on cleaning the interiors of automobiles."

Leroy Ellsworth: "Your advertising program really works."

M. Lassanske: "My original investment was returned in about two months."

C. L. Smith: "Again I day's work, 8 hrs. totaling over \$100.00 for my helper and I isn't bad for a country boy like me. I do not have any unusual abilities: only this, I'm equipped with the best cleaning service in the field and get repeat business."

J. T. Koenig: "Last year we have 1,000,000 yen contract Duracleaning for U. S. Army."

Arlis Wilson: "This month, working alone, I grossed \$1,299.10."

More dealer comments
given in our literature.

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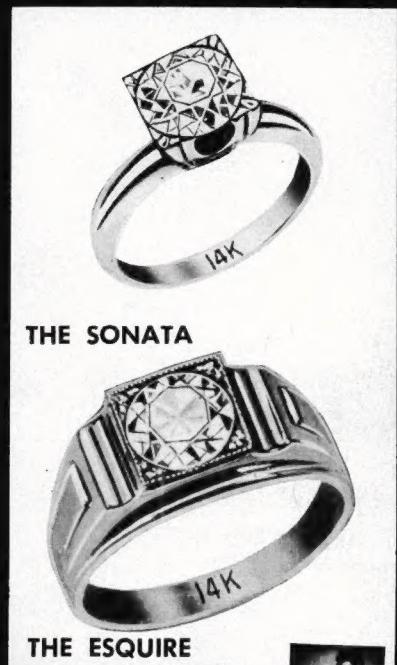
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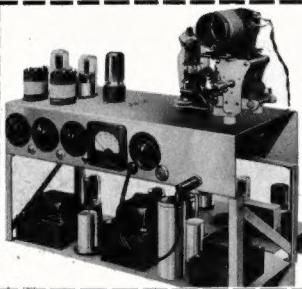
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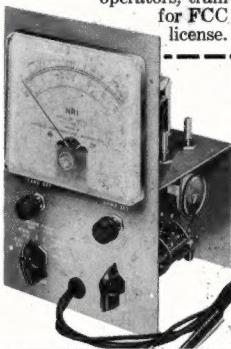


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As part of N.R.I. Communications Course you build this low power Transmitter; use it to learn methods required of commercial broadcasting operators, train for FCC license.

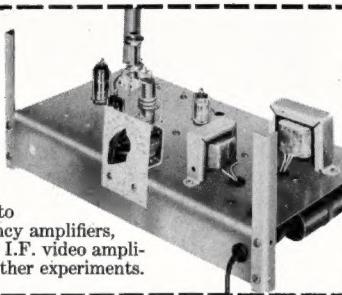
YOU BUILD Vacuum Tube Voltmeter

Use it to get practical experience, earn extra cash fixing neighbors' sets in spare time, gain knowledge to help you work in Radio, Television, Color TV. With N.R.I. training you work on circuits common to both Radio and TV. Equipment you build "brings to life" things you learn in N.R.I.'s easy-to-understand lessons. 64 page Catalog FREE, shows all equipment you get.



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N.R.I. sends kits of parts to build this Signal Generator. You get practical experience, conduct tests to compensate Radio frequency amplifiers, practice aligning a typical I.F. video amplifier in TV circuit, many other experiments.



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WHAT GRADUATES DO AND SAY

Chief Engineer

"I am Chief Engineer of Station KGU in Mandan, N. D. I also have my own spare time business servicing high frequency two-way communications systems." R. BARNETT, Bismarck, North Dakota.



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"I am doing very well in spare time TV and Radio. Sometimes have three TV, jobs waiting and also fix car Radios for garages. I paid for instruments out of earnings." G. F. SEAMAN, New York, N. Y.



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